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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Fear

WE live in crowds and crowds are cowardly. Perhaps this is why the American, who used to be independent to the point of absurdity and disputatious beyond comparison, is becoming a moral coward. Marc Connelly in "The Wisdom Tooth" has chosen a propitious moment in which to dramatize the rubber backbone, for it was never so evident.

Critics write in choruses of praise over much-touted books, which, in private, they damn by qualification, readers enjoy the frank realism of the modern novel and then agree with the first prig who calls it immoral, and publishers, who will get away with murder so long as there is no hue and cry, run for cover if a cloud as big as a man's hand appears on the horizon. The revamping and recalling of good history text-books since factions in the schools decided that they did not want truth unless it agreed with their prejudices, has been scandalous, and the rush to delete such obnoxious terms as "evolution," "survival," and "ape-like man" from other text-books, which become meaningless without them, is another instance of the herd cowardice of the human animal.

Constantinople, then a great and civilized city, rejoiced when the doctor who said that the plague was fostered by congestion and not by the will of God, demonstrated the falsity of his pagan reasoning by dying himself, but the Greeks of Constantinople had at least the merit of being afraid of God, whereas the publishers and authors who truckle to what they know to be ignorance or prejudice are concerned with nothing more dignified than possible profits. Profits, you say, and rightly, are their proper concern, since they are in the business not to give truth to the world or combat grievous error, but to make books and sell them. Argued even on these grounds, fear is an expensive emotion. If all backbones turn to rubber, soon every fact that displeases sect, race, section, or organization will be under suspicion, and making a text-book will be one long series of cuts and compromises in a book that will be worthless when done. The man that tries to please everybody always gets whipped in the end.

Peace-loving Americans think that the present controversy is a tempest in a teapot. But it is hard to keep a tempest in bounds. It is biology and history today; tomorrow it will be literature and art; and then, as in Italy, politics. Give intolerance and obscurantism a clear quarter century, and not even a writer on aesthetics will be sure of escaping jail.

A text-book in that most innocuous of subjects, English Composition, was published recently. Halfway through the press, it was discovered that it contained a letter from Harriet Beecher Stowe. The presses were stopped, and although the letter was not upon slavery, it was removed lest Southern teachers should be offended by the name of the protagonist of a dead issue. The book was published. Alas, it was found that a chapter on language stated that the sounds uttered by primitive man were sometimes little more expressive than the purr of the cat or the squeak of the monkey. Primitive man, with such primitive expression, is alive in caves and huts today, as no one denies; nevertheless, Fear suggested that Faction might interpret the reference as an argument for evolution. Why mention a monkey if not to intimate that the banderlogs were ancestors of man!

No possible issue was raised, of course, unless with those naïve folk, who, like some of the mediævals, argue that Adam spoke Hebrew. But Fear said, if the mention of languages raises a question as to its origin, better teach composition without reference to the nature of language. Fortunately, paragraph and sentence structure among the apes has never been made a subject of argument, and so the rest of the book was let alone.

Where is this going to stop? At the point where courage refuses to side-step issues which can be made controversial only by being misunderstood. The consistent anti-scientist is quite right in refusing the authority of science in matters of faith. He is obviously wrong in refusing the testimony of science where facts will tell the story, unless he is willing to throw over all science, and discard his radio, his electricity, his anti-toxin, and his automobile. If we are going to be cowards in our books, we shall be used as cowards deserve, and our trimming in the long run will cost us heavily in cold cash as well as in the advance of civilization.

Gold

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

RUB the sleep out of your eyes,
Judith. Run out to the cold;
Cowslips there unpack their gold;
In the wet new grass it lies

Slender, mutable, and gay,
In a flurry of the rain;
Run before it is in vain;
Gold grows scarcer every day.

Doubtless there is still enough
To last on from year to year
Wildly permanent and clear;
Cowslips are not of that stuff.

Rosalind had this gathering, too!
Run into the house and fill
Shelf and corner of the sill;
It will last as long as you.

Rosalind went. And cowslips must.
Girls and cowslips cannot stay
Longer than the required day;
For the end of gold is dust.

This Week

"Abraham Lincoln." Reviewed by *John Drinkwater.*
"The Jesuit Relations." Reviewed by *Isabel Skelton.*
"Influencing Human Behavior." Reviewed by *George M. Dorsey.*
"The Melting Pot Mistake." Reviewed by *George M. Stephenson.*
"Voltaire." Reviewed by *C.B.Chase.*
"The Modernist and His Creed." Reviewed by *C. A. Dinsmore.*
"Cloud Cuckoo Land." Reviewed by *Anne C. E. Allinson.*

Next Week, or Later

The Art of the Printer. By *Frederic W. Goudy.*

The Belligerent Don*

By J. DELANCEY FERGUSON

Could man be drunk forever
With liquor, love, or fights,
Lief should I rouse at morning
And lief lie down of nights. . . .
A. E. HOUSMAN, *Last Poems*, X.

ONE week-end in November, 1911, that true knight-errant and perfect host, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, entertained at Newbuildings Wilfrid Meynell and "a typical Cambridge don, prim in his manner, silent and rather shy, conventional in dress and manner, learned, accurate, and well-informed," whose name was Alfred Edward Housman. Blunt took his guest for a walk and as he states in his "My Diaries," "asked him how he had come to write his early verses, and whether there was any episode in his life which suggested their gruesome character, but he assured me it was not so. He talks," Blunt continues, "fairly well, but not brilliantly or with any originality, depressed in tone, and difficult to rouse to any strong expression of opinion." Housman absolutely refused to read from his poems, but they "had much pleasant talk all day, and sat up . . . till twelve at night telling ghost stories. He takes an interest in these. Housman's personal appearance is one of depression and indifferent health. He does not smoke, drinks little, and would, I think, be quite silent if he were allowed to be."

The portrait is vivid, though not exhilarating; taken by itself it might stand as an awful example of the effects upon a poet of a life-time spent as Professor of Latin. Unfortunately it is quite misleading. Blunt was the soul of truth, and certainly in this case had no intention of deceiving, but the fact is that for once that incomparable host had fallen down on his job. Because he failed to light upon a topic which would rouse his guest to a strong expression of opinion he has set down what is probably the most inaccurate characterization of an English poet since Walter Savage Landor described himself as striving with none for none was worth his strife. If instead of asking the poet to read from his own poems, Blunt had suggested that the punctuation of certain stanzas ought to be amended; if he had remarked that Robinson Ellis is, of course, the greatest classical scholar of modern times; if he had hinted that textual criticism is a waste of time and effort, he would speedily have discovered that strong opinions, expressed in a vocabulary enriched by terms of abuse from four languages besides his own, might easily be elicited from the Shropshire Lad. On any topic concerned with classical scholarship, the poet would have shed opinions like the rain from heaven, and with as little respect of persons.

Admirers of Housman's poetry who have taken the trouble to look up its author in "Who's Who" have there learned that the poet, after ten years in the Civil Service, became Professor of Latin in University College, London, in 1892, where he remained until his return in 1911 to his alma mater, Cambridge, as Professor of Latin and Fellow of Trinity. They have also learned, from the same source, that he has edited Juvenal and Manilius, and has contributed many articles to such high-brow periodicals as *The Classical Review* and *The Journal of Philology*. With that information they have

*A. E. Housman was born on March 26, 1859. His "Shropshire Lad" was published just thirty years ago this month.

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rested content, manfully resisting any temptation to look up these scholarly writings. And yet if one wishes to know what manner of man this poet really is, his prose is the place to learn.

The first thing one realizes on reading this prose —or as much of it as is intelligible to a reader who has forgotten most of his meager Latinity, and all of his Greek—is that Housman is a scholar and not a belletristic trifler. To him, the study of a classical author is not a matter of rhapsodizing over beauties of style and diction; it is a painstaking investigation of all the existing manuscripts, comparing their variant readings, weighing all suggested emendations of corrupt passages, and tracing and explaining all obscure allusions. Such studies bring the scholar into direct contact with many ill-considered opinions of many critics, and when the scholar possesses a temperament like Housman's the result of the contact is friction, for Housman, far from suffering fools gladly, is not even tolerant of wise men when their views differ from his own. In fact, the dominant traits revealed in his scholarly writings are accuracy and arrogance.

Arrogance, after all, is no more than one ought to expect in the prose of a poet who states that he judges and much condemns the deeds of God and man. Housman himself is fully aware of the trait, for in one of his articles in the *Classical Review* he refers, with an obvious chuckle, to "that arrogant temper to which I owe my deplorable reputation," adding, in the same article, "I think before I write and blot before I print." Professors of Latin relate with bated breath the story of his inaugural address at Cambridge in 1911, in the course of which he said, in substance, "While my predecessor was alive, I stated that he had not even touched the fringes of his subject. Now that he is dead, I see no occasion for altering the statement." In similar vein, he accuses a recent editor of Catullus of throwing overboard half the ship's cargo to save the bilge-water, and of finding room in his notes "for a long record of conjectures which dishonor the human intellect. . . . He prefers the worst conjectures of the worst critics. When I say that more than sixty proceed from Robinson Ellis and nearly thirty from his disciples, their average quality can be imagined." . . .

Again, the indiscretions of a German editor evoke a sweeping characterization of the whole tribe of scholars:

> Why should a classical scholar care what he says, so long as everyone knows that his heart is in the right place? In no single line of human activity except our own—not in politics, not in religion, not in the advertisement of patent medicines—would a man venture to stand forward and utter words so evidently irreconcilable with reason, with reality, and with his own behavior. But Mr. Marx knew well that he had nothing to fear. He knew that he was addressing an audience less thoughtful, less truth-loving, and less able to take care of itself, than the audiences addressed by demagogues and dervishes and quacks. He looked round Europe and saw a ring of classical scholars sitting waiting to have their prejudices flattered and their intellects affronted, and he obliged them. . . .

Another Teuton receives this blast:

> There you see the modern editor of Ovid: unacquainted with textual criticism, and content to remain so; unwilling to learn, unwilling to think. He has not heard that glosses are written in margins, and find their way into texts, and he has no desire to hear it. If he chances upon critics who have learnt their trade and practise it, the spectacle does not arouse his curiosity nor induce him to reflect; it only sets him exclaiming in blank astonishment at the existence of human beings so unlike himself. . . .
>
> Many of the conjectures which he has to repeat are the conjectures of thoughtful persons: Mr. Ehwald is not thoughtful, and must expect to be puzzled by the proceedings of those who are. . . .

But it is no anti-German bias that sways Housman. His own countrymen fare equally ill at his hands, as a couple of samples will show:

> Perhaps at first it seems a trifle presumptuous in Mr. Owen thus to ignore the opinions of editors like Heinrich, C. F. Hermann, and Jahn, and of critics like Bentley, Markland, Dobree, and Lachmann; but I suppose his confidence is explained by the motto on the first page of his book *Dominius Illuminatio Mea*. . . .
>
> The number of Mr. [Robinson] Ellis's conjectures [in his edition of Catullus] is considerably over eighty. . . . The majority are such as no editor would accept unless he had himself proposed them. . . . Although it is difficult to praise a text containing not only some twenty of Mr. Ellis's conjectures but also no small number of MS readings which most scholars think corrupt . . . still there are whole poems and pages which can be read without offense. . . .

Any reader of Housman's poetry will remember that he shares with Burns and Heine a skill in the creation of striking opening lines which renders titles unnecessary for most of his poems. These arresting "leads" appear with equal effect in his prose. Thus, when a poetaster puts forward, with apologies, a lame translation of the "Cynthia" of Propertius, Housman seizes upon a sentence from the preface:

> "Scholars will pardon an attempt, however bald, to render into English these exquisite love-poems." Why? Those who have no Latin may pardon such an attempt, if they like bad verses better than silence; but I do not know why bald renderings of exquisite love-poems should be pardoned by those who want no renderings at all. . . .

And ancient poetasters fare as ill at his hands as modern:

> The authors of the "Culex" and "Ciris" and "Ætna" were mediocre poets, and worse; and the gods and men and booksellers whom they affronted by existing allotted them for transcription to worse than mediocre scribes. The "Ciris" was indited by a twaddler, and the "Culex" and "Ætna" by stutterers: but what they stuttered and twaddled was Latin, not double-Dutch; and great part of it is now double-Dutch, and Latin no more. . . .

These outbursts of the poet's are regarded by his colleagues sometimes with solemn disapproval, sometimes with the awe-struck delight of a schoolboy who sees a bold companion sass the teacher, or the neighborhood bully. Even when they disapprove, however, they are constrained to admit the depth and solidity of his erudition—and so does he. He has no false modesty about recognizing that he belongs among the great classical scholars. However, he modestly disclaims all proficiency in the popular academic sport of source-hunting:

> The truth is . . . that I have no inkling of *Überlieferungsgeschichte*, and to the sister science of *Quellenforschung* I am equally a stranger: I cannot assure you, as some other writer will assure you before long, that the satires of Juvenal are all copied from the satires of Turnus. It is a sad fate to be devoid of faculties which cause so much elation to their owners; but I cheer myself by reflecting how large a number of human beings are more fortunate than I. It seems indeed as if a capacity for these two lines of fiction had been bestowed by heaven, as a sort of consolation-prize, upon those who have no capacity for anything else. . . .

But noteworthy as the arrogance of Housman's learning is, it is surpassed by his accuracy. Tell a layman that a scholar has spent twenty-five years editing a poem some forty-two hundred lines in length, and the layman will probably conclude that the scholar is one of the world's brightest examples of the labor policy of "ca' canny." But let the layman thumb the pages of Housman's edition of Manilius, brushing up his dusty Latin in order to translate a few of the editor's notes, and he will begin to realize what editing means to a scholar. In the first place, of course, he finds that every extant manuscript has been considered in the effort to arrive at an accurate text. The *apparatus criticus* records all the variant readings, as well as the conjectures of all earlier editors. Furthermore, wherever a reading is disputed, Housman's notes educe parallels from the entire range of Latin and Greek literature in support of his choice.

And all this minute accuracy of detail, this far-ranging knowledge of ancient literatures, is only part of the task which Housman has set himself, and which he has carried through. Manilius was an astrologer, and the greater part of his poem is devoted to the exposition of that bewildering pseudo-science. Properly to edit him, an editor must understand his theories, and the astronomy on which they were based. And yet, declares Housman,

> it cannot fairly be asked of a grammarian that he should encumber his mind with a knowledge of that intricate fraud by which Asia revenged herself on Europe for the conquests of Alexander. To deal with an astrological author he must of course lay in a large stock of obsolete misinformation; though indeed I can hardly say *must*, when two scholars within the last ten years have undertaken to edit Manilius without so much as learning the difference between a horoscope and a chronocrator. . . .

By Housman, at least, that obsolete misinformation has been mastered to such purpose that a colleague, Professor H. W. Garrod (who may be one of the two editors mentioned in the foregoing quotation), doubts if there are more than three persons in Europe who possess so complete an equipment of astrological knowledge. Soberly weighing his words, Garrod asserts that this edition "must ultimately take rank among the great monuments of Latin learning." And as for the lay reader, groping amid a Latinity and a knowledge of science which are alike too wonderful for him, he comes away from these volumes with one fact at least solidly fixed in his mind: a realization of the depth of erudition which underlies such apparently artless lyrics as "March" in the "Shropshire Lad" and "West and away the wheels of darkness roll" in "Last Poems."

Nor are these the only side-lights on Housman the poet to be found in the work of Housman the scholar. In reviewing a book "On the Use of Classical Metres in English," he even composes an original—and uncollected—quatrain to illustrate one of his criticisms. Moreover, the whole review displays Housman as the conscious artist, interested in the qualities of the medium wherein he works.

Each syllable in a Greek hexameter, says he, was either long or short, whereas "English quantities really die into one another like the hues of the rainbow. . . . Rhythm in English is not the portable thing it was in Greek. Our stresses are indissolubly riveted to our words, and we are accustomed to call them accents. . . . Southey's and Longfellow's hexameters are often very bad verses, and they differ from Homer's in the important particular that they are written in triple while Homer's are written in quadruple time; but still verses they are of a sort. Mr. Stone's hexameters are verses of no sort, but prose in ribands.

> I suppose we could all write verse if we were allowed to have our own way with the language. For instance: I propose to make English poetry on French principles. What do I require of my readers? Not near so much as Mr. Stone. I only ask them to weaken the English accent till it is no stronger than the French, and to count accurately up to twelve. Here are four alexandrines:
>
> *Why does not the lobster climb trees or fly?*
> *Can he not? or does he think it would look silly?*
> *I have made these verses as well as I am able:*
> *You must be to blame if you find them disagreeable.*
>
> Observe the *rime riche*. . . .
>
> The long and short of the matter is this: We now regulate English verse by the strong and determinate element of stress: its management is what distinguishes verse from prose. The weak and indeterminate element of quantity we subordinate: its management is one of the many things which distinguish, not verse from prose, but good verse from bad. Mr. Stone proposes that we should put the weak to the work of the strong, and subject the strong to the predominance of the weak. Summer is come, and cricket is playing everywhere. If Mr. Stone will accost the next eleven he sees in the fields, and advise them to run after the ball on their hands, and pick it up with their feet, he will hear some very good criticism of his quantitative hexameters.

And the long and short of another matter is this. Housman is not a dry-as-dust scholar who has occasionally lapsed into an unaccountable double life as a poet; the poet who feels that high heaven and earth ail from their prime foundation, and the scholar who, knowing his equality with Bentley and with Scaliger, slaughters without mercy the work of his woolly-minded colleagues, are one and the same. The poet shows again and again in the prose, as the scholar shows in that revealing phrase in the preface to "Last Poems," "It is best that what I have written should be printed while I am here to see it through the press and control its spelling and punctuation." (Does he know, one wonders, that there is a discrepancy between the Holt and the John Lane texts of the seventh poem in "A Shropshire Lad"?) And though no trace can be detected in his contributions to the *Classical Review* of that "continuous excitement under which in the early months of 1895" he wrote the greater part of "A Shropshire Lad," yet the vivid and pungent phrasing, the avoidance of superfluous adjectives, and the firm thought-structure of his lyrics are qualities that equally mark his prose.

Furthermore, extended reading of his prose brings about in the reader's mind a shift in his estimate of Housman parallel to that experienced on rereading his poetry. The casual reader of the lyrics notices first those expressing scorn, mockery, or despair; only on close acquaintance does he begin to realize that the noble stoicism of "The Oracles" and of "As I gird on for fighting" expresses the real heart of the poet. And so it is with the prose. Behind the club-swinging rudeness of the scholar who does not hesitate to characterize—in the decent obscurity of a learned language, to be sure—an opponent as a sow there flames a fanatical zeal for accuracy, for order, for truth, In the preface to his edition of Juvenal, Housman refers to "the general untidiness of the universe," which is distasteful to critics "whose love of neatness is greater than their Creator's." Housman does not find it distasteful, but he intends that in this untidy universe there shall be at least a corner of textual criti-

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An American Epic

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The Prairie Years. By CARL SANDBURG. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by JOHN DRINKWATER
Author of "Abraham Lincoln"

MR. SANDBURG'S is a big book: big in a literal sense. And the practised reader of big books finds that he can generally measure the quality of a work after covering the first few pages, or at most a chapter or two. He may have to wait until the end before he knows whether or not he agrees with general conclusions and whether the governing design has been fitly carried out, but early in his perusal he knows, or thinks he knows, whether there is distinction or fumbling. Mr. Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln" should warn him against any such agreeable securities. In less than twenty pages, two impressions have asserted themselves. This is obviously a book, we feel, created out of long and patient love; that is well, and the impression remains, as we shall see. But also we are from time to time, even in twenty pages, brought up short in our appreciation by such passages as this of Lincoln's mother before he was born: "And the smell of wild crab-apple blossom, and the low crying of all wild things, came keen that summer to the nostrils of Nancy Hanks." Is it possible, we ask ourselves, that the bleak poet of Chicago can really be falling to this romantic frippery? And then as we read on we find ourselves confronted by a very strange problem of style. For page by page, as such notes recur, we find that this is not romantic frippery at all, but a quite sincere, and cumulatively very touching reversion of a mind, closely disciplined in an almost savage candor, to a natural grace and leniency of sentiment. Confronted by epic character or action, we find, this least compromising of realists can stand up and prophesy with revivalist fervor. And the arresting thing, so genuine is the reality behind his voluble moods, is that he can make this rhetoric a natural modulation of his style. At first we suspect that crab-apple blossom and the crying of the wild things; but very soon we are convinced that they are conceived in an utter simplicity of faith, that they are a complement to the concrete, direct contacts that account for the more familiar aspect of Mr. Sandburg's manner, and we remain so convinced to the end. In such passages he uses what is perhaps the most dangerous of all figures in writing, and as one follows another at appointed intervals we are persuaded that he uses it with entire success.

* * *

Mr. Sandburg has been at this work for half a lifetime; it runs to nearly a thousand large and closely printed pages. A brief review can do no more than suggest something of the effect produced by a careful reading. The story covers the years from Lincoln's birth in 1809 until the time when he left Springfield for Washington in 1860. It is more than a biography of Lincoln in those years, it is a minutely elaborated study of the environment in which he grew up and matured, of the social, political, and natural forces that went to the shaping of his character, and of the far-reaching and profoundly significant implications of that character itself. It is, in fact, a comprehensive survey of the development, at once romantic and stark, of middle western America, with Illinois as the centre of the action.

Mr. Sandburg's method is a daring one. At first it may seem that his narrative has little or no consecutive design. His way is to present a scene, a social order, the shaping of political conflict of ideals, or the play of individual character, by means of a rapid succession of images and anecdotes. To read a few pages only of his book would inevitably be to feel that while these impressions separately were effective enough, they were not very strictly selected or combined to a fixed purpose. But to read on is to discover, again, that this view is wrong, and that Mr. Sandburg is using his means steadily to the accomplishment of an elaborately conceived work of art. To make a personal confession, I am a very slow reader, and having in my time absorbed some dozens of volumes about Lincoln I never expected to be beguiled by Mr. Sandburg or anyone else into reading another thousand pages on the matter. But I began to read these volumes and found thenceforth that there was no escape, and I have gone on to the end with a growing admiration for a work that slowly reveals itself not only as big in compass but as absorbing in conception and achievement. Chapter by chapter—there are a hundred and sixty-eight of them—Mr. Sandburg convinces us of his skill in handling immense masses of .detail. Pioneer life, the spread of population and the assembling of races, the progress of agriculture and industry, finance and the railroads, the ramifications of slavery and abolition, the courage, the disasters and the subleties of personality, the loneliness and the horizons of a new nation, the drama of men and women looking westward into the wilderness and eastward to old civilization, the quarrels of politicians and the visions of statesmen, all these and countless other circumstances Mr. Sandburg marshals with the industry and the intuition of genius. And always governing this patient and absorbing argument is the figure of Lincoln, realized here as I believe it has never been realized before, the creation of a perfect blending of historical knowledge with imagination. It is not too much to say that Mr. Sandburg's book is an honor no less to the American people than to himself; it is, indeed, not unlikely that he will be found to have given the world the first great American epic.

New World Martyrs

THE JESUIT RELATIONS AND ALLIED DOCUMENTS. Selected and edited by EDNA KENTON. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by ISABEL SKELTON
Author of "The Life of Thomas d'Arcy McGee"

RECORDS of the beginnings of settlement in most new lands are scant and broken. Few of those who are struggling day by day with the wilderness have the training, the leisure,

THE DANCE AFTER THE HUSKING
From "Toilers of Land and Sea." By Ralph Henry Gabriel (Yale University Press).

or the incentive necessary to write as well as to live their adventure. The outstanding exception is undoubtedly the record of the early years of the French régime in North America, preserved in the "Jesuit Relations." The Jesuit missionaries who were the pioneers of civilization in the St. Lawrence and Mississippi basins in the seventeenth century were men of wide education, acute powers of observation, and a lively interest in the land and life around them. Crowded and harried though their lives were, each year they achieved some leisure for contemplation and for record of things attempted and things done. Their centralized organization and the value of stories of converted savages and martyred priests in fanning the flames of piety in their backers in Old France, ensured minute and systematic reports. The result is an unequalled wealth of first-hand documentation.

But to most modern readers this wealth has not been easily accessible. The original "Jesuit Relations," covering the reports collected and sent home by the head of the order in New France from 1632 to 1673, were published year by year by Stephen Cramoisy in Paris. In 1858 the Canadian Government reprinted the rare Cramoisys in an edition now nearly as rare, and a little later O'Callaghan, Martin, and Carayon issued supplementary documents. Then, in 1894, the Burrows Brothers Company of Cleveland, with Reuben Gold Thwaites as editor, published a monumental edition, covering the period from 1610 to 1791, and including in its seventy-three volumes a dozen times as much material as the original Cramoisys. But this edition, limited to 750 sets, was beyond the reach of the general reader.

Miss Kenton has come to the rescue by compiling in a single volume, in English, the essential documents of this vast hoard. Her work is a masterpiece of condensation. Miss Kenton has proved herself to be more than the competent craftsman who saw a work which needed to be done and bent to it patient powers of execution until it was finished. Her book reveals a clear, logical, recreating grasp of the field covered. It is arranged in five self-contained but closely related parts, and each part again in chapters, each of which deals in straight and uninterrupted narrative with an episode or a character. It is surprising in many cases how the lifting of the content of these chapters out of its ephemeral setting allows a noteworthy contribution to history to stand forth in clear and uncluttered distinctness. A sure historical judgment went to the deciding what to keep and what to discard. Where Relations overlapped it was perhaps easy to choose the more complete or condensed, or the more graphic or picturesque, as the need might be. Again, where the report had merely a specialized, ecclesiastical interest, there was little question about omission in such a volume. The yearly accounts of religious services and ceremonies, which even the chronicler found wearisomely like those of the year before, the pious utterances of converted savages, and the long baptismal lists, which would impede the story for the lay reader of today, have been judiciously omitted.

Again, the extracts have been skilfully arranged so that one gains a coherent conception of each particular feature. As far as possible Miss Kenton gives complete blocks of narrative from the originals, and in this way retains the warm native vividness of writers speaking for themselves. No secondary source, not even Parkman's inimitable story of "The Jesuits in North America," can recreate exactly the same breathing picture. It might have been helpful had she indicated the omissions from the text by the usual asterisks, but they would no doubt have detracted from the satisfying completeness one feels in reading the unbroken lines. She did well to include in full the Marquette manuscripts and Coquart's "Memoir upon the Posts of the King's Domain." These are two of the most valuable documents in the Thwaites edition. Another unique part, the "Journal des Jésuits," the running story of their daily life at Quebec during many years, has been lifted out of each little yearly division, and in the twelfth section of Part IV suggestive passages have been quoted from it and make up an intimate picture capable of arousing any one's imagination. Thus a volume of extracts becomes in reality a unified story, an artistic whole, thanks to the sympathetic care which went to the arranging.

In the Tradition

SONATA AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN ERSKINE. New York: Duffield & Company. 1925. $1.25.

THE AWAKENING AND OTHER POEMS. By DON MARQUIS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2.

COLLECTED POEMS. By MAURICE BARING. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

NOTHING that the iconoclasts can say against the traditional attitude is worse than the effect it seems to have on most of its worshipers. Mathematical evidence may be found on every publisher's list, that there is no common denominator like tradition. A rather pointed instance of its levelling influence is furnished by this trio of volumes representing the serious poetry of a daily "columnist," a professor of literature at Columbia, and an English essayist. The three authors are distinct personalities; they have their own differentiated points of view; their backgrounds, preferences, and private tastes are manifestly dissimilar. Yet their public attitude—at least as far as it is revealed in their poetry—is one of dispiriting similarity; whatever is original in conception is somehow reduced to an irreproachable but merely satisfactory execution. One waits hopefully for the fiery moment, but the low flames are well-controlled in proper hearths. One looks for the fitful light in which a poet is revealed, a sudden turn or accent, a flash of strangeness, a personal irradiation—but nothing flickers, nothing burns. We are in the presence of a mild glow, a suave series of reflected reflections.

Mr. Erskine's intentions are the most interesting of the three. He is at his best when, untroubled by the necessity of being "modern," he can rely on his inherently academic instincts. The title-poem is the book's most successful note: a piece of philos-

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ophizing which manages to record several sensitive though by no means unusual perceptions. Yet even here, Mr. Erskine's reading seems to betray him; the tone of voice is by no means his own—"Browning" is the reader's first reaction. But it is not even that, it is Browning badly remembered; worse, the speech is as flat as the blank verse of "The Ring and the Book" adapted by Edgar Lee Masters. Nevertheless, a certain sensibility persists, a tactile reasoning wins the reader's regard; if the language of "Sonata" is dull, the æsthetic theory is persuasive and it is advanced with a quiet assurance. Elsewhere, Mr. Erskine's serenity deserts him. His sonnets are neither better nor worse than the sonnets read with metronomic regularity at the ubiquitous Poetry Societies; "The Poetic Bus-Driver" is a pleasant conceit which, unable to bear the lengthy burden imposed upon it, breaks down continually into pedestrian verse (the present reviewer still prefers Gilbert's "The Bishop and the Busman"); and the "Modern Ode to the Modern School" is mere silliness. The author of "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent" ought to know better. Or, as a professor, is he bent on supplying aid and comfort to H. L. Mencken?

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After listening to Mr. Erskine's avowed prejudices, one observes his tentative excursion into free verse with curiosity. In this *genre*, the last page is the brightest one in the book, which, though less than seventy pages long, is an almost complete study of the academy as creator, wavering between a natural conversatism which the author suspects and an experimentalism which he distrusts. The result is the traditional volume—even to the traditional false notes. The mélange in the following sonnet is typical:

VERSAILLES

Is it the evening, is it my delight
That steals between me and the things I saw?
Not into shade, into another light
The figured gardens, the smooth lake withdraw,
The hedges and the terraces depart;
I can let go this majesty defined,
This ecstasy controlled, this reasoned art;
It is enough, I grow a little blind
To balanced grace and measured clarities.
Adventure now, adventure on great seas,
Strong tides, lone islands, silver-green surprises!
—The gardens and the lake, and after these,
Into a timeless twilight fade the trees—
It is enough, the mystic beauty rises.

Mr. Marquis has, as a poet, many qualities which make his work far more attractive than Mr. Erskine's. His range is wider, his tone is more vibrant, his "attack" more certain. Besides his craftsmanship—and Mr. Marquis is no mean technician—he has gusto. He is, in short, easy to read. A few of the poems, suffering from overfamiliarity, have already worn thin ("The Awakening" seems to be a selection from "Dreams and Dust," "Poems and Portraits" and other previous volumes), but his diversity carries the reader along. Mr. Marquis can write an "Envoi" scarcely inferior to Dobson's crisp *vers de société*, free verse with a swinging line, sonnets (in particular the "Savage Portraits") with a bite in every sestet. He can even play skilfully with assonance and consonantal counterpoint in sapphics as flexible as:

Leaps the little river and laughs at fetters,
Through the pebbled channel it flutes and flutters;—
Dances down the rapids where Autumn scatters
Gold on the waters.

Something bends the sedge and the rushes over,
Something moves and gleans where the grasses waver,—
Can it be a nymph that has taken cover,
Couched by the river?

Mr. Marquis can, as I have said, strike these notes ingratiatingly. But, it must be added, he can also pluck many trite chords on the battered lute. What is more, he does not disdain the "influences," and his selected volume is a jangle of echoes in which the singer's natural voice is almost drowned. Most of his earnest stanzas thump with a pompous rhetoric; his pages are choked with *clichés;* there is scarcely a hackneyed poeticism which is avoided. "Golden shoon," "adown the sunward slopes," "futile sighs," "vain regrets," "wasted yesterdays," "red mirth mantling in the cup of morn"—all of these *faded antiques may be found in one short poem!* Elsewhere, a casual glance reveals "alien glamour," "rush of hidden wings," "calm Silence," "Merry, wanton air," "piping breeze," "wingéd thought," "visions new," "winds of time," "the hawthorn-scented dusks of May"—Mr. Marquis flings down these worn counters as confidently as though he had just minted them. He can even offer us:

Fleet across the grasses
Flash the feet of Spring!

And yet we are told that Don Marquis is a satirist.

Maurice Baring is the author of some thirty-odd volumes which Doubleday is reissuing in a uniform edition. As an essayist, Mr. Baring is remarkable for little more than an indiscriminate enthusiasm. As an authority on Russia and Russian literature, his judgments may be dubious but his devotion and intelligence are unquestionable. As an artificer of trifles, his "Diminutive Dramas" are delectable and the fascinating "Dead Letters" are worth a dozen volumes of historical essays. As a poet, this bulky volume of three hundred and fifty pages discloses Mr. Baring as merely one more Georgian, cultured, competent, and wholly without a flavor of his own. Mr. Baring's emotions are always under perfect control; his taste is trustworthy; he responds in the approved manner to war, stars, Beethoven, Greece, the paintings of Watts, and the legend of Tristram and Iseult. He is, preëminently, a "gentleman and a scholar"—particularly the former. He salutes the immensities as if he were tipping his hat to an acquaintance on Bond Street. He lives with his Muse on terms of a perfect understanding in which pleasantness takes the place of passion. She, in her turn, rewards him with complaisance; she permits him to write Shakespearean patois (the volume contains six blank verse plays), to indite sonnets on any theme at a moment's notice, to compose brisk triolets at 4 A. M. in the Trans-Siberian Railway. This is a sample of Mr. Baring's quality, the opening lines of his tragedy, "The Black Prince:"

VETERAN. To-morrow, Edward, our right noble Prince,
Edward, the eldest son of England's King,
Whom God preserve,—the Duke of Aquitaine,
The heir of England, Edward, the Black Prince,
Makes war against the bastard of Castille,
With John of Gaunt his brother, and with the flower
Of England's chivalry. Before the dawn
He marches; so bestir betimes to-morrow
To bid farewell, and wish Godspeed.

And this, echoing a more recent tradition, is Mr. Baring in his bucolic vein;

The snows have fled, the hail, the lashing rain,
Before the Spring,
The grass is starred with buttercups again,
The blackbirds sing.

It is significant that the poem from which this quatrain is taken ("Diffugere Nives, 1917") is dedicated to J. C. Squire; the volume itself runs the gamut from Victorian platitudes to Georgian pastiche. Urbanity, breeding, erudition, amiable sentiments abound in these pages. And, though the verses may not glitter with a poet of great gesture, at least they present a gentleman in the grand manner.

Human Behavior

INFLUENCING HUMAN BEHAVIOR. By H. A. Overstreet. New York: The People's Institute Publishing Company. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by George M. Dorsey

Author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings"

TO Martin's "Psychology" and Watson's "Behaviorism," The People's Institute Publishing Company has added Overstreet's "Influencing Human Behavior." The result is a library of psychology worth more than all the psychologies from Aristotle to James. Further, these three books can be read and understood by any layman willing to devote the same amount of time to learning why human beings behave as they do as to learning to play bridge whist. Not that human behavior is simple or to be learned in one lesson; it is infinitely complex and a lifetime may be spent in trying to understand it.

The chemistry of the carbon compounds is also infinitely complex and hundreds of lifetimes have gone into its study. But these studies have already yielded enormously important results and vast knowledge of the kind which makes for power. The new psychology likewise makes sure and steady progress because it deals, as does modern chemistry, with stimulus and response and with reactions in certain mechanisms. Human behavior became a science, as did chemistry, with—and only with—a better understanding of the nature of raw materials. Its raw materials are human infants; its great problem is to discover and describe the situations or stimuli which will so condition those youngsters that they will not be a menace to nor yet be enslaved by society. Sociology can never be a real science of society until it builds on the findings of behaviorism.

Of the three books mentioned, Watson's is, of course, the most fundamental, and, consequently, the most important. It covers the entire field of human behavior and is the very foundation of the new psychology. Professor Overstreet's volume deals with a specific problem: How can we poor mortals sell more of ourselves and our wares to more people and at higher prices? How can a poor boob, as dull as ditch-water, shine himself up like a new silver dollar and put himself into circulation in markets hitherto closed to him? "Influencing Human Behavior" may be read with profit by the bootblack and the bootlegger, by the clerk and the capitalist, and, especially, by all salesmen, parents, and school teachers. They will all profit from it—if they get the point; and, if they do not get it, it will not be the author's fault. His directions are explicit and to the point.

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Seriously, "Influencing Human Behavior" is not a fake psychology, nor a trick book on testing intelligence or how to build character in one lesson in words of one syllable. It does set forth in everyday language enough of the data of modern psychology to help us further the "central concern" of our lives: "to be, in some worthwhile manner, effective within our human environment," "to get ourselves believed in and accepted." And it is sound, authentic, and thoroughly readable.

Part I is devoted to the simpler and more frequent techniques for influencing behavior—the key problem, appeal to wants, effective speaking and writing, etc. Part II discusses the more difficult matters of actual psychological instruction: "how can we actually change individuals, ourselves as well as others, into personalities more apt for our human enterprises?"

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The first four chapters alone of Part II—How to Change Persons, Building of Habits, Unconscious Fabrication Habits, and Problem of Straight Thinking—will be found more helpful than a shelf full of Freud and Jung. From this the orthodox psychoanalysts will, of course, dissent. Indeed, the entire tribe of orthodox psychologists and crystal-gazers gag at Behaviorism. And not without reason: to see thier Gordian knots of mystic mental faculties and instinctive abracadabras cut wide open and reduced to a few simple threads which can be dyed and woven into recognizable human patterns, is to see themselves stripped of their magic power—and, possibly, *obliged to learn to like a new dish.* But Behaviorism does get results without sleight of hand, and does describe human behavior without mystic formulæ or furrowed brows; and it certainly is here to stay. It is easy to digest and anyone with an open-minded tongue can learn to like it. It is the only sound brain food on the market, and, by building it into one's system, one can grow character and alter personality. Behaviorism will not explain life, or the meaning of life, or the aim of life. Behaviorism no more pretends to explain anything than chemistry pretends to explain water or carbon dioxide, or anything. Both leave explanations to philosophers and go about their business of learning more about actions and reactions in infants, in philosophers, in anybody, in water, in carbon dioxide, in anything.

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Scientific Idealism

SCIENCE AND THE MODERN WORLD. By ALFRED N. WHITEHEAD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

A BOOK as exciting as Whitehead's "Science and the Modern World"* will certainly be appropriated by excitable persons. Uncomfortable scientists who have been able to live peaceably only by erecting impervious and irrational bulkheads between their materialistic conceptions and their idealistic intuitions will hail Whitehead as the great deliverer. Case-hardened scientists who have long ago abandoned every search save that for ultimate matter and motion will castigate our author as another scientific apostate, another tender-minded prodigal seeking peace in the haven of pietism. And when the religionists discover that "the most distinguished living mathematical philosopher" has actually written a chapter on "God" alongside "Relativity" and the "Quantum Theory," theological seminaries and churches will resound with fervid hosannas.

This is, therefore, a book which deserves careful and sustained consideration. It is pregnant with meaning, not merely for the scientist but also for the wayfaring man who must somehow find his way in this world of scientific compulsions. No one can read this volume without accompanying mental agitation; it should, however, be digested and interpreted in a mood of tranquil self-restraint.

If, as Mr. Whitehead affirms, science has itself undermined and destroyed the foundations of mechanistic materialism as a philosophy, what are the ensuing implications for man (human nature) and society (human institutions)? The human approach is a psychological approach since what is unique about human beings is the influence of intelligence upon behavior. Mr. Whitehead, unhappily, has very little to say about psychology. He is a mathematician and consequently steps down to human levels from a hierarchy which begins with physics. Nevertheless, more than half of his pages fairly bristle with challenges to psychological preconceptions. Professor John Dewey is apparently elated over what he hopes these challenges will do to a certain school of psychology which has done considerable swaggering during the past decade. "If," says he, "the psychological school which claims to be the only genuine 'Behaviorism' could read and digest the physical ideas which this book sets forth, an immense amount of misleading and confusing intellectual activity would be saved the next generation."

May we then expect the Dewey-Whitehead philosophy to demolish, annihilate Behaviorism? Perhaps, but before the obsequies are performed it may be well to remind ourselves that this new monistic, organic philosophy could not have appeared if scientists had not for three centuries followed a behavioristic method in their researches. Nor should it be forgotten that something similar to Whitehead's present standpoint has on numerous past occasions predominated as a generalized attitude toward life and the universe. It is, I believe, a grievous error to regard one scientific discovery as a negation of prior discoveries. The new theory of organistic patterns of revelant wholes complements all theories of atomistic parts; it is not mutually exclusive of these conceptions. (Those who are disposed toward ready acceptance of the Dewey-Whitehead philosophy should find a more realistic setting for its assumptions in such books as "Physiological Foundations of Behavior," by C. M. Child, and "Neurological Foundations of Animal Behavior," by C. J. Herrick.) Behaviorists, it is true, have presented us with partial, analytical explanations of conduct; when all the separate mechanism of an organism's behavior are before us, we do not see the total personality of the behaving organism. Behavioristic psychologists, at least most of them, recognized this fact the moment they attempted to apply their findings to human personalities living in a cultural environment in which other human beings were important sources of stimulation.

On the other hand, is it safe to assert that a complete explanation of behavior will emerge from investigations directed at patterned wholes, configurations (*gesalt*), or organistic conduct? In following this direction, we shall be alert to detect syntheses, the creative possibilities of relations, combinations, integrations. Discovery of such possibilities is essential to any philosophy or view of life which is not committed to complete determinism. If scientists are to be also idealists, they will need to lean heavily upon any school of philosophy or psychology which offers this hope. But are wholes really understood, i. e., explainable, without knowledge of the functional aspects of parts? Wholes are, after all, conditioned by the behavior of parts. And, following the logic of creativeness, would it not be more hopeful for the future of psychology if we looked forward to an integration of Behaviorism with whatever scientific method for studying wholes achieves a like validity? This much, at least, seems to me to be implicit in Whitehead's organic conception: psychological hypotheses of the future will take into account the emergent, creative possibilities of interacting organisms and environments; consequently these hypotheses will be less deterministic in character.

Scientists of the upper order, that is, those who possess the intelligence to view science in terms of philosophical perspective, have come to recognize their responsibilities to human welfare. The four most significant scientific volumes which have come to my attention during the past year include chapters on social progress. Mr. Whitehead in his concluding chapter writes: "The problem is not how to produce great men, but how to produce great societies." This requisite for social progress, "an environment of friends," cannot be brought into being so long as uniformity and stability persist as guides or ideals. On the contrary, "it is the business of the future to be dangerous." Ethics and æsthetics, the disciplines of value, must be rehabilitated and fitted to take their places beside science, the discipline of things. "It may be that civilization will never recover from the bad climate which enveloped the introduction of machinery," but Mr. Whitehead patently believes it can and will. Indeed, the progress of mankind is to him an accepted fact. Its acceleration, he contends, depends upon a fresh orientation of science in terms which his book so ably expounds. Perhaps it is not too much to say that his work constitutes the first adventurous step in the direction of a coming creative age.

*A review of this work in its philosophic and mathematical aspects, by Ernest Sutherland Bates, appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for March 13.

Open Doors

THE MELTING POT MISTAKE. By HARRY PRATT FAIRCHILD. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE M. STEPHENSON
University of Minnesota

THE Melting-Pot Mistake! There never was a melting pot. It was only a pernicious symbol employed by Israel Zangwill in 1909, when the easy-going, tolerant, indifferent attitude of the American people towards immigration was showing signs of giving way to one of hostile intelligence. "It would be hard to estimate the influence of the symbol of the melting pot in staving off the restriction of immigration. It is certain that in the popular mind it offsets volumes of laboriously compiled statistics and carefully worded analyses." In any event, the World War cracked the pot so badly that it is unlikely that any expert symbol-maker can restore its usefulness.

In substance this is Professor Fairchild's tribute to the melting pot. His entire book is a well-reasoned, well-written, and dignified attempt to prove that there never was, and never can be, a melting pot such as the dramatist presented it. It simply did not exist. Suppose the skeptical reader asks: "What of it? If the symbol staved off immigration restriction, did not a host of hysterical slogans in the hectic War and post-War years in the popular mind offset years of efforts to allay race hatred and nativistic antagonism? Suppose I never was disillusioned by the melting-pot symbol? Suppose, instead, America was conceived of as a stupendous experiment, and that the twentieth-century definitions of nationality and assimilation were regarded as transient and conceived in the minds of men inflamed by the hatreds, jealousies, and ambitions of the time and magnified a thousandfold by clever and untruthful propaganda? What then?"

Mr. Fairchild has no answer for this type of reader other than to say in his concluding chapter that "It is to reveal the fallacy of just such an interpretation that so much space has been devoted to the exposition of the United States as a nation." He counters skilfully by inquiring what advantage would redound to mankind by leaving our doors unguarded? And he answers his own question by asserting that "The eventual effect of an unrestricted immigration movement . . . must under modern conditions be a progressive depression of the standard of living of mankind as a whole." When he enters the field of political action, Mr. Fairchild is equally positive. In order to counteract the sudden entrance of new ideas or of foreign varieties of old ideas, he says, "a wholly different type of control over the public utterances of aliens from that imposed upon citizens" is justified.

The author is chary and suspicious of symbols; but for the benefit of the reader who insists upon having a symbol for race mixture he is ready with one which he conceives to be much more accurate. He is invited to gaze upon the village pound, into which for many dog generations canines of every variety were introduced, and none rescued, free to interbreed. The result of this impounding, after a few generations, would be a dog nation composed almost entirely of mongrels, and with qualities unknown. If the result of this process proved to be bad, the mistake could never be corrected. Better be satisfied with thoroughbred Airedales, Greyhounds, Chows, Pekinese, Cockers, Doberman-Pintschers, etc., whose qualities, good and bad, are known.

Up to 1882 the American pound was recruited almost entirely from three sources—the United Kingdom, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries—with the result that succeeding generations were rebuilt out of the same basic elements that formed the population in the days of '76. Those happy days of the fathers we now hallow as the benighted Nordic era, when none but Americans were on guard. It is the twentieth century descendants of this pound who rail at the newcomers today barking and snarling outside the gates that were locked by Congress in 1922 and bolted in 1924, opening and closing at intervals to admit only a few fortunate enough to be in possession of pedigreed passports, fully documented (including photographs), and properly viséd.

* * *

The present situation in America harks back to the days of the last Stuarts in Great Britain, when many excellent Englishmen were seriously disturbed over the presence of a foreigner on the throne—the Dutch-born William III. In the year 1700 a certain Mr. Tutchin wrote a pamphlet entitled "The Foreigners" directed against the king and the Dutch nation, in which, after reviewing almost all the crimes of which this king or any other could conceivably have been guilty, he summed up everything in the odious name "foreigner." So scurrilous was this pamphlet that Daniel Defoe, the author of the celebrated "Robinson Crusoe," was moved to take up his prolific pen in defense of the foreigner. In a rather clever satire, "The True-Born Englishman," Defoe paid his respects to the Know-Nothings and the Klansmen of his day.

> These are the heroes who despise the Dutch,
> And rail at new-come foreigners so much,
> Forgetting that themselves were all derived
> From the most scoundrel race that ever lived;
> A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones,
> Who ransacked kingdoms and dispeopled towns;
> The Pict and painted Briton, treacherous Scot,
> By hunger, theft, and rapine hither brought;
> Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
> Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remains,
> Who, joined with Norman-French, compound the breed
> From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed.
> And lest by length of time it be pretended
> The climate may this modern breed ha' mended,
> Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
> Mixes us daily with exceeding care.

The success of Defoe's literary effort the historian would hardly measure by the fact that a few years later another foreign-born king ascended the throne, who spoke scarce a syllable of English but claimed as his mother tongue the language of the twentieth century Hun. Historians are in agreement, however, that the accession of the beer-guzzling George III was followed by a great advance in the direction of cabinet government.

The author of "Robinson Crusoe" cannot qualify as an "authority" on immigration in the present century any more than he was recognized as such in the eighteenth; but his attitude, which is essentially that of "liberal," is probably as wholesome a corrective today as it was when his satire appeared. Symbols in the popular mind are misleading; but laboriously compiled statistics and carefully worded

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analyses in the minds of congressmen are just as likely to be distorted by prejudice and political expediency.

Professor Fairchild has achieved distinction as a careful student and writer on immigration; and in the present work he reveals the same industry, independence of judgment, and disposition to view and understand the multitudinous problems in which the subject abounds. He is at once skeptical and orthodox. The apostles of the Americanization fad and the cocksure patrioteers of recent memory will hardly recommend his chapters on "Americanization" and "Enforced Patriotism." He travels to the end of the road with the drastic restrictionists (Japanese exclusion not excepted); but the reader who expects to find his book measuring up to the conventional "100 per cent American" standard will be grievously disappointed.

Voltaire, Man and Writer

VOLTAIRE. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $2.50. First of the series, The Republic of Letters, edited by William Rose.

Reviewed by CLEVELAND B. CHASE

IF one imagines Bernard Shaw living in America and writing plays about prohibition, the negro problem, and the relations between capital and labor; if one imagines those plays wildly applauded by partisan crowds in a state theatre which has a monopoly on dramatic production in this country; if one will strain one's imagination still further and imagine Mr. Shaw to be generally acclaimed the greatest living poet and to have produced an epic poem which we consider equal to the Iliad, as well as a hundred light and highly popular minor poems; if one will imagine him also to be a member of a social world many times more exclusive than any now existent, and at the same time a highly successful business man, if—to conclude this unpardonable sentence—one will perform such an impossible feat of imagination, one will have an idea of some part of Voltaire's position in the eighteenth century.

But this fictitious personage (we must abandon the image of Mr. Shaw) possesses many more qualities. He has, for instance, been to Germany. On his return he produces a book which explains to the popular mind Einstein's theory of relativity. He is the most brilliant satirest of all time. He conducts, let us imagine, a column which is syndicated in newspapers all over the world. Distinguished people in all countries read it and are influenced by it. In this column he epitomizes the half-formulated complaints of the ordinary man against the oppressive conditions under which he lives. He has personal influence with important people in the governments of almost all of the great powers. He is rich, popular, influential, and, above all, he is the most widely advertised man of his age. He is a composite of Henry Ford and the Prince of Wales, of Col. House and John Galsworthy, of Clarence Darrow and P. T. Barnum; but he is none of them. Such is the character that emerges from the pages of Mr. Aldington's new biography.

The task which confronts Voltaire's biographer is enormous. His collected works fill more than a hundred large volumes; yet when one is acquainted with Voltaire's writings, one has done little more than scratch the surface of the information necessary for his biography. Voltaire was even more energetic in living than he was in writing. He was always sickly and in constant fear of death; consequently he lived the eighty-four years allotted to him as if each week were to be his last, and he was determined to get the most possible out of it. Somehow he was always able to accomplish in a day what no other three men could have done.

To recount in the 125 pages which Mr. Aldington allows to biography the major events of Voltaire's life is in itself an achievement. Yet in the mass of detail which he manages to cram into these pages, the author usually succeeds in keeping clear and obvious the major tendencies of Voltaire's life. He shows the bases of fact for the often-repeated unsavory stories concerning the great Frenchman, yet he points out, too, "how often the supposedly hard-hearted and avaricious Voltaire can be proved tender and generous."

The last half of the book is devoted to a critical appreciation of Voltaire's writings, and at times (especially as regards poetry and drama) one feels that Mr. Aldington is appreciative rather than critical. If a fault, however, this is a pleasing one, for it assures to the reader a penetrating exposition of the beauties of that prose style of Voltaire's which still remains the epitome of the best that there is in France.

Throughout the book one is conscious of the envy the author feels toward Voltaire and his contemporaries for the age in which they were born. The following outburst, although in no way typical of the book, expresses Mr. Aldington's feelings about the comparative merits of the eighteenth and the twentieth centuries:

> At a time of disastrous nationalism and cant, when those few who strive to become acquainted with "the best that is being thought" are treated as eccentric, almost obscene, when a flood of desolating vulgarity seems to be engulfing the world; then, if we can step back a pace, detach ourselves, contemplate that European culture and society of which Voltaire is so brilliant an example, we can at least find an ideal of intelligence to substitute for chaos. Intelligence—how often despised and disparaged, but how rare; and how pleasant it might be to feel that one might even aspire to possess it!

The author lays no claim to originality either of material or of point of view. His aim, as he says, is to provide "a guide book to the continent of Voltaire." His success is admirable. He presents a clear-cut and sympathetic portrait of his complex and often misunderstood character.

One cannot help comparing, however, the present biography with M. Gustave Lanson's penetrating study of Voltaire (to which Mr. Aldington is so much indebted). The books are of about the same length and of the same general nature. The so much vaster depth and richness of the French book make one wonder whether it might not have better suited the purposes of the present series to bring out a translation of M. Lanson's biography. At least it is a pity that no such translation exists.

A Persuasive Voice

THE MODERNIST AND HIS CREED. By EDWARD MORTIMER CHAPMAN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES ALLEN DINSMORE
Yale Divinity School

MR. CHAPMAN has chosen to call himself a "modernist," but he is neither modernist nor fundamentalist as those designations are commonly used. His experiences have been too deep and his meditations too wide-ranging to give him ease in any militant camp. His interest is neither in the old nor the new, but in the eternal. His true place is not with the prophets nor with the theologians, still less with the priests. He is preoccupied with the inner spirit of religion rather than with its institutions, its dogmas, its controversies. Mr. Chapman is not a modernist, he is a humanist. A humanist according to my thought is a man of letters whose spirit glows with the finer graces of religion. He values *caritas* more than dogma, experience more than dialectics, and in amiable temper holds a reasoned faith. In Old Testament times the humanists wrote the idyl of Ruth and the significant allegory of Jonah; in Reformation days they were ill at ease with Luther; they were grouped as Latitudinarians in a seventeenth century England; in our times their number is small, but they are sorely needed to give elevation to our literary standards. In this glorious succession of genial and wise minds whose interpretation of life is always touched with sanity and attraction of form our author of right belongs.

The writer's main purpose in the book is to show the processes of reason and experience which enabled him to live with the supreme problems and "to win all of them to neighborliness and some friendship." He begins with his boyhood and draws a most engaging picture of a well-to-do New England village home—the father, modest, contemplative, enormously industrious, a deacon in the local church for forty years; the mother, deeply interested in good literature, whose dearest wish was that her children should grow up to be believing and confessing men and women.

When the inevitable moment of religious doubt came to the author he could not escape the conviction that religion was real, for had he not seen it mould the lives of his father, his mother, and the neighbors! Their conception of truth might be very imperfect, but they had laid hold of reality.

In the light of his experience and observation he discusses the Idea of God, the Bible, Jesus Christ, the Church, Creeds, Conversion, Salvation, Parsons, Missionaries, the Future. Through all the pages there is a temperateness of statement, a kindly catholicity of spirit, a keenness of analysis, a robust common sense, which hold the attention unflaggingly and deepen one's faith in religion and humanity. There is not a slovenly sentence in the whole book, not a dull page, nor one in which the thought is not dressed in a becoming fashion.

In these days when the church is somewhat on the defensive, it is infinitely refreshing to have a conservative of ripe experience and generous culture step out of the ranks of orthodoxy and smite the braggart literary Philistines hip and thigh. One after another he shows the falsity of the conventions they have imposed upon an ignorant public. He resents the caricatures of the New England deacons, declaring that as a class they were men of honor and sincere piety. Even in the much abused prayer-meetings "there was often a really fine poetic quality in the speech and prayers of these plain people who had turned aside from the common tasks to think of divine things." The Puritan home also, far from being hard and cruel, stifling joy with inhibitions, was a place of large freedom with no more restraint than was needful for self-control and a knowledge of the realities of life. A little song of rejoicing was started in the reviewer's heart as he read the chapter on "Pecksniff, Chadbrand and Company," which deals with the hypocrisy in the church. Mr. Chapman very deftly turns the searchlight on "Mr. Mencken with thumb at nose and fingers wagging derisively at all that savors of morality in art and literature," on Mr. Dreiser with his high blood pressure, on Sinclair Lewis and his school who dress up one or two leading characters, "fill the remainder of the stage with grotesqueness, and palm off their performance as realistic satire," and finds them guilty of a "cant of freedom" which is as offensive as the cant of faith.

One lays down this book feeling that amid "the clamor of the times" he has listened to one of the clearest and most persuasive of the voices which have expressed the finer spirit of religion as it bears upon modern habits and thought.

Declining Athens

CLOUD CUCKOO LAND. By NAOMI MITCHISON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1926.

Reviewed by ANNE C. E. ALLINSON
Author, with F. G. Allinson, of "Greek Lands and Letters"

THIS is an historical novel laid in Greece at the end of the Fifth Century, B. C., when Athens was succumbing to Sparta after the prolonged and exhausting Peloponnesian War. In spite of the Aristophanic title there is no hint of airy fantasy or satiric creation. With emotional vigor Mrs. Mitchison plants the reader among the bitter realities of the period when Athenian greed of empire, which Aristophanes tried to check by ridicule, had brought its punishment, and social values accepted for generations had been destroyed by war.

As a story, the book deals with the fortunes of Alxenor, a native of Poiseëssa, a lovely little island in the Ægean Sea, and his wife, Moiro. Alxenor is an obscure, unheroic youth, decent and hard-working, with a certain impartiality of judgment which keeps him from joining his friend in passionate allegiance to the democratic party or his brother in political play on the side of the oligarchs. He has no rôle in public affairs, but by them is blown about as helplessly as a dry leaf by the autumn wind. From his comfortable island home he is driven to poverty in Athens, from Athens to Ephesus, then on to Sparta, and finally to Sardis to become an unknown soldier among the "Ten Thousand" Greeks in the employ of Cyrus. For him, the honest-minded victim of national conflicts, the reader comes to feel a genuine pity.

But more poignant still is the story of Moiro, the wife, additionally the victim of those social traditions which subjected women to the will of their husbands, on the one hand, and, on the other, left them, in their lack of external interests, defenseless against the cruelties of Eros. In Moiro Mrs. Mitchison compassionately portrays a gentle girl tortured and destroyed by forces beyond her understanding. As is the fashion of contemporary fiction, Eros is introduced undraped, that none may mistake him, and maternity is represented as a process of agony without alleviation or reward. One factor, however, in Moiro's emotional development

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depends upon a Greek custom entirely alien to our civilization—namely, the "exposure" (a belated birth control, decided upon by the father) of her second baby.

In other details, also, less essential to the plot, Mrs. Mitchison believes in reminding us of dissimilarities in morals and manners. Even the pæderastia of antiquity is introduced as a part of the *mise-en-scène*. Perhaps the general reader, at whom the Preface is aimed, will be led to explore further into Greek social history, curious to discover why a civilization marred by many defects still remains one of the noblest heritages of the modern world. The interest of the story, however, depends upon the admirable handling of those emotions and experiences which are timeless.

The period chosen by Mrs. Mitchison, in this her third historical novel, is a confused one and she lays claim to no first-hand knowledge. But Greek students will have little to complain of in her treatment. Perhaps she does not make enough of the romance of the seizure of Phyle by seventy (not seven hundred) men under Thrasybulus, the hero of the democratic restoration. But excellent use is made of the different characteristics of the great Ionian and Dorian cities, with the military triumph of the latter. Through a casual reference to the point of view of "Sokrates, the stonemason," put into the mouth of a disappointed, baffled young Athenian, the reader with historical perspective is reminded of the spiritual victories still in store for Athens. At the end of the book, as Ionian and Dorian soldiers meet and talk of Asia, in the army of the Persian, there come hints of the larger Hellas which was dreamed of by idealists like Isocrates. But the novelist wisely sticks to her last, devoting the closing sentence to Alxenor, quite unconscious of Hellenic destinies and ignorant of his own, marching with the troops "through Lydia three days' journey, a distance of twenty-two parasangs, to the Mæander River."

The Belligerent Don

(*Continued from page* 657)

cism which has been set in decent order by the light of reason. His definition of his purpose in editing Juvenal applies to the whole of his scholarly work:

> The recension of Juvenal is now crippled not only by lack of knowledge but by lack of judgment; and though I can supply the editors with information which they have neglected to procure for themselves, I cannot constrain them to make a prudent use of it. . . . My work will enable the public, and will thus in a measure compel the editors, to employ their judgment, be it sound or crazy, upon facts. . . .

All his vehemence and his rudeness spring from impatience of slackness and laziness in thinking, writing, or acting, from single-minded devotion to the truth. His is the zeal of Jeremiah or Savonarola, who can tolerate no slightest deviation from the perfect standard of righteousness. Like the God of Michael Wigglesworth, he may admit, as an abstract principle, that there are different degrees of sin; nevertheless, the least of sinners need expect from him nothing better than the easiest room in hell. He admits his severity, and thus defends it:

> I suppose that this is hardly what would be called a favorable review; and I feel the compunction which must often assail a reviewer who is neither incompetent nor partial, when he considers how many books, inferior to the book he is criticizing, are elsewhere receiving that vague and conventional laudation which is distributed at large, like the rain of heaven, by reviewers who do not know the truth, and consequently cannot tell it. But after all, a portion of the universal shower is doubtless now descending upon Mr. Butler himself; and indeed, unless some unusual accident has happened, he must long ere this have received the punctual praises of the *Scotsman*.

On the rare occasions when he himself is convicted of actual error in fact, he acknowledges his transgression, even carrying his confession to the Johnsonian point of admitting that he erred through "sheer ignorance." His "weary familiarity" with textual criticism is at the service of every genuine student, but for triflers and the lazy-minded he has neither tolerance nor pity.

This, then, is the man whom Wilfrid Scawen Blunt found difficult to rouse to any strong expression of opinion. It was well for the aged knight-errant that Housman held the principle in regard to personal criticism which he here enunciates; had he freely expressed his thoughts on reading his whilom host's interpretation of his character, Blunt's weakened constitution would probably have given way in 1921 instead of 1922.

The Bowling Green

Exits

THERE is a building, on a famous corner of the Great White Way, that always seemed to me ideal for any kind of business that might need occasional alacrity and subterfuge. It has its exits and its entrances, lots of them. I have never carefully mapped the possibilities of its lobby, but it has a delightfully queer flavor. There are, I think, three doors upon three different streets; there are two ranks of elevators, there are stairways up to clothing merchants and down to beauty parlors and subways. There are telephone booths, admirably placed for secrecy; there is a theatre ticket agency. There is a soda fountain and a hat-and-shoe cleaning store. And you enter, from Broadway, between a display of imported canes and shirtings on the right, and a row of blithe ladies' bonnets on the left; so that be you he or she you pass inward with an ambitious humor.

So there is this building, and if you go into the lobby and catch the feel of it you will perceive how curious a blend it is of Broadway and of Forty-second Street. Yes, it is queer. There are some offices in that building for which I have great respect; there is a lecture bureau which has been visited by some of the most elegant and intellectual English poets; that lecture manager, excellent fellow, once hired me to go to Chicago and talk to a club of ladies; an enchanting adventure. But that was not my first romantic connection with that building.

* * *

When I was still very young and drank life straight from the neck of the bottle—seven years ago, to be exact—I used to visit that building often, rejoicing in its volatile emanation of Broadway. A theatrical producer, a gorgeously lovable and improbable person, was putting on a show that another man and I had written. I'm afraid it wasn't a very intellectual play, and it became even less so in the hands of that cheerful producer; but the other author and I maintained (as we do still) that in its innocent hilarity it leaped up toward the farce voltage of "Charley's Aunt." Both the authors were then in the heyday of young humors,—reckless as two Elizabethans in a Southwark tavern. One had already escaped from newspaper toil and the other imagined he was about to. I suppose we were in the same vein of *naïf* self-esteem that Mr. Bok has shown since he shuffled off the coil of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Fortune, such fortune as befalls authors of "Abie's Irish Roses," was within our grasp; or at any rate within the producer's grasp; so we asserted as we lay awake in small-town hotels while the play was trying-out upstate. In that happy land she trouped to conquer. Those were great nights; no one can know their equal until he has been concerned in a play where Broadway reverses the judgment of The Road.

All that is too long and too jovial a story to be entered upon here. I am talking about that building, where I used to visit the producer's office and gaze with thrilled amazement upon all sorts of phenomena that were quite of another world. Even the producer's private sanctum, as I remember it, had a secret exit, through a small kennel where a young man asserted to be a press agent sat among masses of carbon paper and flimsy. I wish I could remember the producer's telephone girl more clearly; she sat at a very tiny box of electric wires and plugs, she was beautiful and dark, and skilful at knowing who, of the many callers, could be admitted inside the wooden gate that latched with a click. Somewhere in the world of the Rialto that lady must be still in existence, with much less hair and much more experience than then, but still, I'll warrant, unembittered and unamazed. I remember her telling me that "Roly Boly Eyes" was her idea of a corking show. "It's playing at the Knickerbocker," she said; "you better go'n see it, it'll give you some ideas."

* * *

I suppose it may have been passing by Bryant Hall, on Sixth Avenue, the other day, that reminded me of these matters; because our show rehearsed there once or twice (we rehearsed in all sorts of places, shifted around from one rendezvous to another; one that I remember with pleasure was in the ladies' lounge of the Knickerbocker Theatre, one was in a dance-hall on Tenth Avenue, one in the dining room of a hotel in Poughkeepsie). And I thought to myself, just for fun I'll stop in at that building and see if old whatshisname still has his office there. I thought it improbable, in a building with so many exits and a business with so many reasons for using them; but anyhow I hadn't been in that lobby for years and I suddenly had a hankering to breathe again its impure unserene. There I had once been very young and new planets had swum into my ken; contracts had been signed and all manner of excitement. A good deal of it had been as irritatingly absurd as Conrad found a London literary journal's reference to a "mizzen fore upper topsail," which is like referring to a horse's hind-front leg—which reminds me of the same excellent magazine's appeal to American subscribers to "pin a Seven Dollar Bill to this blank and send it to us." But in the afterward of time all had simmered into an affectionate ripeness; I even contemplated calling on the producer himself and asking him how were tricks.

The directory of a building like that is as exciting as the index of a volume of short stories; in fact, that's just what it is; it often amazes me that O. Henry made no reference to those little anthologies of chance, which were so much in his "line." I delayed looking at the list of names until I had prowled a little in the lobby, verified my recollection of the various stairways—up to Monroe Clothes, down to Beauty and the Barber. The tingling atmosphere of comedy was still there, though it seemed to me that the building was less theatrical in its tenants and more moving picture. Together with an influx of moving pictures and realtors had come a strange plenty of trade journals on laundering—one of life's queer adjustments, I suppose. I think, feeling so tender toward that building, I shall give you some extracts from its directory. Among Midtown Development Corporations and Oil Burner Companies and Movie Producers I found

The Laundry Age
The Selhose Sales Corporation
Russian Balalaika Orchestra
World Dancers Association
Primrose Realty Corporation
Tagore Realty Corporation
Starchroom Laundry Journal
Shoe Rebuilders for America
Physicians' Research Bureau
N. Y. Horological Laboratory
Del Franco Grape Company
Mitsuboshi Porcelain Laboratory
Mountain Oil and Refining Co.
Harper Method Scalp Treatment
Graingrowers' Guide
Dentinol and Pyorrhocide Co.
Credit Opinion, Inc.
Amelia Hair Co.
Broadway Sightseeing Co.
Ebor Realty Co.

The Ebor gave me an agreeable start. How come that little classic echo? It was as pleasant as finding the Primrose Realty on the river's brim of the Great White Way. The Shoe Rebuilders for America comes a little too close to the familiar stories of trouping to be comforting to any unlucky actor who studies the list. But I am leading up to my grand climax. It sprang out at me among those queerly assorted names. It proves to me that life in New York is just as much an adventure as it was—well, seven years ago. This was the entry I saw:—

Elephants, Inc.

So that had to be my compensation, my treasure trove. I went away, hugging Elephants, Inc., to my breast. For of course my producer wasn't there. His name was not in the directory.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Portraits of Milton and Pope, collected by Dr. George C. Williamson and the late Beverly Chew, who bequeathed the prints to the Library, are now on exhibition in the New York Public Library. An amusing feature is found in various fictitious portraits of Milton, solemnly and repeatedly copied by engravers. American portraits of Milton, which much interested Mr. Chew, form an interesting group. Finally, there are a number of portraits, mostly mezzotints, of other writers. These add to the literary interest of the exhibition, which will be shown until April.

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Books of Special Interest

English Romanticism

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH ROMANTICISM. By HARKO G. DE MAAR. Vol I. Elizabethan and Modern Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925.

Reviewed by FREDERICK E. PIERCE
Yale University

MR. DE MAR is planning a history of English Romanticism, in six volumes, of which the book before us is the first. He has a very definite conception of what literary history should be; and that conception, at the outset, furnishes ground for controversy. He says: "The history of literature is the history of the voice of a nation, not the history of a number of isolated geniuses. These have their place in the history of art. But the historian of literature is concerned with the flux and reflux of influences and tendencies, of which the minor figures are essentially and peculiarly the mirrors. For a 'great' author creates his own conventions; he exerts influence on the future only because he rejects that of the past. Thus in literary history the critical importance of the minor exceeds that of the major figures, whose importance is æsthetic rather than historical." Dr. de Maar is not alone in this attitude. He is simply part of "the flux and reflux of influences and tendencies" in the world of scholarship, where interests similar to his have already played an active part. Studies of that nature could, no doubt, produce some very interesting textbooks about some very uninteresting poetry. It would be well for our great grandson to know that Walt Mason, and not E. A. Robinson, represents the national taste at the present moment. It might cure him of patriotism and respect for the past. Yet scholarship of this type is entering on a long war against the law of the survival of the fittest; and God forbid that in the world of letters that law should ever cease to function. We have a great respect for Dr. de Maar's theory of history; but it is one that should be applied with caution and with a clear realization of what is being done.

Furthermore, Dr. de Maar does not, in our opinion, realize clearly enough the distinction between a book of history and a research monograph. The latter is simply the crude material for the former. A book of history is a piece of literary art, highly readable for any intelligent layman, a book which deals mainly with valid conclusions, not with the evidence on which those conclusions are based. Dr. de Maar's book does not meet these requirements. It is essentially a research monograph, very valuable and stimulating to the specialist but rather ponderous and technical for the average reader. Six of these in succession would form a valuable addition to human knowledge; but the general diffusion of that knowledge would have to be done by others. In this respect Dr. de Maar has much to learn from the books about English romanticism by Beers, or the books about German romanticism by Ricarda Huch.

From a purely scholarly point of view, however, the author's present volume is excellent. It is very thorough and accurate, and its conclusions are marked by admirable common sense. Definite proof is given that neo-classicism never, at any time, satisfied the whole English nation. The romanticism of the Elizabethans, instead of dying out, lived on far into the eighteenth century and passed its torch to the new nineteenth century romanticism without any intervening hand. In the very height of Pope's reputation, Milton had more readers than he. The Augustan age, like most ages, when it is carefully examined, proves to have been a crowd of very varied, refractory, charmingly human men and women, not at all the stereotyped "classicists" of tradition. Their romanticism was no more stereotyped than their classicism. Their so-called romantic melancholy was no mere fad but a national trait. The author quotes Addison as saying: "I the more inculcate this cheerfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island. . . . A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus, 'In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields.'" Though Dr. de Maar has a somewhat stiff and uninteresting style, it is easily seen that he has some highly interesting material.

Though a solid mass of collected facts, the book evidently represents original thought on the writer's part, and stimulates such thought in others. One obvious conclusion is that these forgotten "minors" who led movements, though they may have been little poets, were not little men. If they had been, they would never have started anything. Some of them had insight and power of leadership out of all proportion to their power of making verses. This, I suppose, is the final justification for the author's theory of history. If the list of poetasters includes such famous names as Frederick the Great and Cardinal Richelieu, then the records of history may include such leaders of new tendencies as Samuel Croxall and John Philips.

A Mediaeval Mystic

RUYSBROECK THE ADMIRABLE. By A. WAUTIER D'AYGALLIER. Translated by FRED ROTHWELL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. BENNETT
Yale University

THE most important works of Ruysbroeck, the Flemish mystic, have for some years been accessible to English readers and more than one volume of studies in the history of mysticism has devoted a chapter to him. This translation of Professor D'Aygallier's book gives us for the first time a comprehensive study of Ruysbroeck's life and writings. Of the three parts into which it may roughly be divided the first offers a rapid survey of the social, economic, and religious background. For all its display of erudition this account is rather conventional and insipid. Much of it, moreover, is irrelevant for our understanding of Ruysbroeck. That is the worst of backgrounds: anything and nearly everything may be part of the background provided you are sufficiently generous in the meaning you attach to the term. The second part attempts to present a life of Ruysbroeck, especially the history of his mental development. But the truth is that the materials for a serious biography do not exist. Consequently the would-be biographer is forced to overwork the traditional, unconvincing formula of the type, "We may well believe that the young Ruysbroeck . . . ." By far the most valuable portion of the book is that devoted to a study of Ruysbroeck's doctrines and their historical affiliations. Here we have wide learning, bold speculation, and scholarly caution, in happy conjunction. Professor D'Aygallier first seeks to disengage from Ruysbroeck's writings their fundamental ideas and to exhibit them in systematic connection, then he traces the relation of these ideas, whether it be a relation of derivation or of opposition, to the main currents of mediæval thought: to Scholasticism, to Neo-platonism as it entered the Middle Ages on the one hand through St. Augustine and on the other through the Pseudo-Dionysi, to John Scotus Erigena, and to Meister Eckhart. A final chapter on Ruysbroeck's originality and influence displays the author rather as a sober historian than as a pious admirer of his chosen subject.

The mysticism of Ruysbroeck has a peculiar interest both for the clearness with which he perceived that there is an organic connection between the practical and the contemplative lives and for the vigor with which he expressed this belief. This emphasis is to be explained in part, no doubt, by the fact that at a time when groups like the Brethren of the Free Spirit were giving a practical demonstration of what Augustine's "Love God and do as you please" might come to when literally interpreted there was an urgent need for mysticism to clarify its own meaning and to discredit these aberrations. But Professor D'Aygallier's researches have shown that another factor has to be taken into account: the influence of the Greek tradition which, now, as always, stood for sanity and humaneness. The Neo-platonic doctrine is typical. There are, according to Plotinus, three paths leading up to the mystic vision: the path of beauty, the path of moral discipline, and the path of dialectic. In other words, mystic contemplation is not the death of these things, but their completion: it is not hostile to culture, but fulfils it. The life of rational endeavor disappears into ecstasy only to emerge again with a spirit of devotion renewed.

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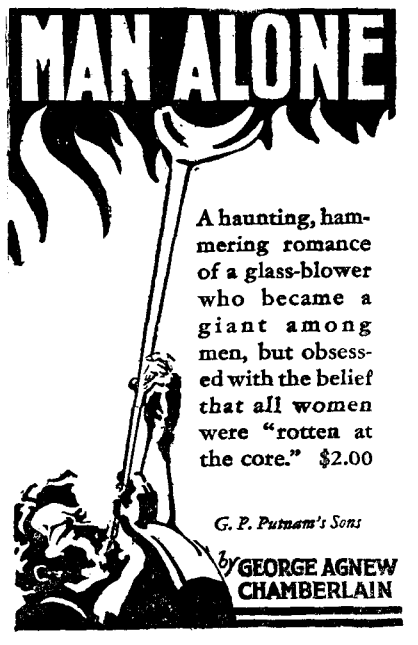

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Foreign Literature

Andersen as Artist

H. C. ANDERSEN'S TEGNINGER. Kobenhaven: Slesvigck Forlag. 1925.

Reviewed by OLGA MARX

FOR the first time the drawings of Hans Christian Andersen, hitherto accessible only in the Hans Christian Andersen museum in Odensee, Denmark, have been published in book form on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his death. The little mauve-colored volume, attractively printed and furnished with a critical and sympathetic introduction by Vilhelm Wanscher, contains forty-five drawings of unequal merit. But a lover of Andersen will like them all, not in spite of their defects, but because of them, for they too are rooted sturdily in his whimsical and charming personality.

With one or two exceptions these drawings are not illustrations of his work, but of his travels. They exist as independent works of art, additional proof of the versitility of Andersen, who essayed operatic singing, dancing, and acting before he found his *métier*. And even in the writer's profession he experimented more or less successfully with various forms: the novel, plays, autobiography, and romantic records of his wanderings, undertaken to escape the galling indifference of his countrymen, before he recognized reluctantly that he had an irresistible urge toward a new kind of fairy-tale, more subtle than the folk legends retold by the brothers Grimm, more naïve then the exotic phantasies of the Romantic School in Germany. These *Märchen* he regarded with indulgent contempt to the end of his days.

Andersen the artist was self-taught. As a boy he had made puppets for his toy theatre, had cut silhouettes, and played with the idea of becoming a painter much as Théophil Gautier in France and Gottfried Keller in Zürich had pursued the artist's career as a temporary deviation from their true calling. His drawings constitute a traveller's sketchbook through Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Bohemia, and Turkey. Orsted, who saw his Italian sketches, said: "You would have been a great painter, if you had not insisted upon becoming a poet." But Jerichau, to whom he made the deprecating, introductory remark: "I never learned to draw," promptly answered: "Yes, one can see that immediately." But then, how could Jerichau, a sculptor in the grand style, understand these drawings, that had preserved all the originality and spontaneity of a child's outlook? Andersen himself knew that some of them were vaguely conceived and inadequately handled, but to these he was attached by personal reminiscences and intimate associations. How he must have chuckled, for instance, over his monuments on Turkish graves in Constantinople! Very rakish tombstones, topped with fezzes.

He loved landscape and cityscape and cared nothing for the human form. Just as a reading of Gautier's "En Espagne" leaves one with the impression of a depopulated Spain, so Andersen's sketches portray Florence, Rome, Vienna, or Sorrento, swept clean of the litter of humanity by some heavenly judgment, which spared the lift of trees and the entours of hills. Where figures are introduced they are either unimportant, or, as in the funeral procession, conceived as a decorative design supplementary to the scene. He seems to have been inordinately fond of trees! There is scarcely a picture without a tree! Pines predominate: conventionalized pines with most precise little needles pending from orderly branches. His elms are only curly lines melting into thin air, like Virgil's divine shapes. The cypresses surrounding the Villa Albani are sparse stocks, converging black and sharp against a white horizon. His delight in palms is shown by his painstaking elaboration of the delicate basketry of stem and branch, and a cactus in the garden of the Quirinal is patterned with such loving precision, that one can count the short, thick leaves and trace each random twist of growth.

The architecture of his cities is bold and sure, unpretentious with no affectation of simplicity, but with true naïveté oddly reminiscent of van Gogh. Aside from giving a complete impression of house and harbor bridge and town, he brooded over the detailed copy of a Renaissance design or of a Baroque façade with the same passionate craftsmanship which Benvenuto Cellini wrought into gemmed bowl or twisted goblet.

A glance at the drawings of his contemporaries, whose work was sponsored by the German Romantic School, replete with mysticism and the tendency to inspire so-called idealistic thoughts, shows that Andersen must not be classed with them other than temporarily. Just as Walter Pater included an appreciation of Winckelmann in his collection of essays entitled the "Renaissance," because he recognized that the cinquecento was the native spiritual period for the eighteenth century German, so Andersen, whose best drawings came before 1845, must be considered together with Gauguin and Vincent van Gogh. Like the latter he endowed inanimate objects with his own peculiar soul, so that while van Gogh imbues tower and moon with the flux and flow of his being, Andersen permeates landscape with his reflective wistfulness, with his pensive and whimsical attitude toward life.

A Symbol

FYRGANGEN (The Path to the Lighthouse). By ELIAS KRAEMMER. Oslo: Gyldendal. 1925.

Reviewed by JULIUS MORITZEN

THE configuration of Norway lends itself with particular emphasis to a literature where land and sea blend into a realistic picture and where men and women of the Viking race live and love and meet the exigencies of existence with a stoicism that contemporary writers like Knut Hamsun and Johan Bojer are witness to. Their novels of the Northland are permeated with that essential quality that makes for realistic depiction, and the universality of the underlying motives governing their characters has had much to do with their books finding an ever-increasing circle of readers outside their home country.

The name of Elias Kraemmer is as yet unknown in America. In him we see a blending of the qualities that in a book like "The Path to the Lighthouse" reveals kinship with some of the most notable of present-day writers in Norway. It is true that the beacon in literature as a guiding and warning signal is no distinctive novelty, but the lighthouse has here been utilized as the central theme for a panorama that shows in clear perspective what stirs humankind under the circumstances that in themselves are unique.

Elias Kraemmer is by no means a newcomer in his homeland. Since 1894, to go back no further, there have come from his pen novels and plays that testify to a workmanship that easily places him in the category of the foremost of his fellow craftsmen. In "The Path to the Lighthouse," for instance, the author has developed a plot which in its very simplicity becomes a page taken directly from the book of life. A character like Adam Stoltz, the lighthouse keeper, is the very personification of a real man, and in his wife, Fia, we have the feminine complement, both going up and down that "path" with a fortitude that no one coming in contact with the couple can fail to profit by.

Adam Stoltz views life from his lighthouse eminence with an equanimity which at times seems almost wasteful, and yet as he again and again pours oil on the troubled sea, speaking figuratively, we become aware of Elias Kraemmer's purpose in making that "path" as it is, a symbol of life itself.

Of course, the two brothers, Sylvester and Gottlieb Bramer, the former the rich owner of Bjarke, are painted in colors of such striking contrast that in spite of the wealth of Sylvester, one would prefer to be like the lighthearted "Student," as he is known to all. And what a character is Fru Bramer, in all that dignified solitude that only melts when finally she too walks the "Path" to seek comfort from Adam Stoltz, and finds release from her troubled conscience only when death takes its toll of her. One feels pity for this woman. Ancestral pride holds her in bondage. Every now and then her better self seeks release in good deeds, only to relapse into a state that really evokes sympathy.

"The Path to the Lighthouse" deserves to be known to English speaking people. The reader is immediately interested in the members of the Stoltz family when it is learned that one of the boys carries the name Roosevelten. He it is who, when a youth, melts the heart of that Dickens type, Iversen, the rich man of the town. Naturally, love runs its course in this book, as it must in any novel dealing with human nature. And so we have Aurora, the little circus girl, who finds her home with the Stoltzes and finally marries the heir to Bjarke, much to the chagrin of its mistress.

When it is known that "The Path to the Lighthouse" is now in its eleventh edition we may realize its popularity among Norwegian readers. A similar popularity should meet the book in an English translation.

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Points of View

Conrad's "Suspense"

We reprint the following letter from the London *Times Literary Supplement*:

SIR:

Probably many of your readers have recently read Conrad's "Suspense," and may be interested in hearing how very closely some of the incidents are built upon and developed from incidents in the "Memoirs of the Countess de Boigne."

The Sir Charles Latham of "Suspense" is the Sir John Legard in the Memoirs. In both cases the young Englishman finds himself regarded as engaged to a Miss Aston (the name being unaltered in this case), and after an explanation marries her and settles down in Yorkshire. The characters of Sir John and Lady Legard are highly similar to those of Sir Charles and Lady Latham, and in some cases are described in almost the same words.

Sir Charles is thus spoken of in the novel: "Born endowed with a good intellect, a lively imagination, and a capacity for social intercourse, it had been his fate . . . to spend his early youth in the depths of Yorkshire in surroundings not at all congenial to his taste." "In politics he was a partisan of Mr. Pitt rather than a downright Tory. He loved his country, believed in its greatness, in its superior virtue, in its irresistible power. Nothing could shake his fidelity to national prejudices of every sort. He had no great liking for grandees and mere aristocrats, despised the fashionable world, and would have nothing whatever to do with any kind of 'upstart.'"

Madame Boigne begins her description of Sir John Legard with this remark, a remark which evidently commended itself to Conrad: "The character of Sir John Legard would be an admirable subject for a novel." "Endowed with a brilliant intellect, the most delicate taste, the most lively imagination, with a supreme desire for intellectual intercourse, he had spent the whole of his youth in the country society of Yorkshire." "He belonged to the party of Pitt rather than to the Tory faction. . . . He had no great love for the nobility, despised the fashionable world, and detested upstarts. He was passionately attached to his country, and entertained all the prejudices and claims of the English as to their supremacy over all other nations."

Lady Latham, like Lady Legard, is represented as fond of pleasure, society, and dress, but otherwise as a nonentity. "Her household power was limited to the ordering of the dinner." "She would never have dreamed of asking for horses for a visit in the neighbourhood, but when her husband remarked, 'I think it would be advisable for you, my lady, to call at such and such a house,' her face would light up, she would answer, 'Certainly, Sir Charles,' and go off to array herself magnificently."

Of Lady Legard Madame Boigne writes: "Her sole responsibility in the household was confined to ordering the dinner." "She would never have dared to ask for a horse to go for a ride, much less to pay a call, but if her husband said to her in a solemn voice, 'My Lady, it would be advisable for you to call at such and such a house,' her heart would leap for joy. 'Certainly, Sir John, most certainly,' and off she went to get out her finery."

Sir John Legard offers hospitality to the refugee Adèle d'Osmond and her parents, as Sir Charles Latham in the novel does to the Marquis and Marquise and Adèle d'Armand.

Then again, the removal to London and the marriage of the young Adèle occurs in exactly the same way in the Memoirs and in "Suspense." In "Suspense" the incident is described by the Countess de Montevesso in the conversation in Genoa with Cosmo Latham, the message to her parents asking for her hand in marriage, Adèle in both cases being a girl of sixteen, Adèle's own arrangement to see her suitor at the house of a friend, the subsequent marriage, and the not unnatural discord between the ill-assorted couple. From "Suspense": "I could not appreciate what a fatal mistake I was committing by telling him that I didn't care for him in the least, and probably never should, but that if he would secure my parents' futile comfort, my gratitude would be so great that I could marry him without reluctance." From the Memoirs: "I then committed the grave though generous mistake of telling him that I did not care for him in the least, and probably never should, but that if he were willing to secure my parents' future independence my gratitude would be so great that I could marry him without reluctance." In both cases the Count is a man of doubtful character, of slightly shady financial success, and of disagreeable temper.

The "Memoirs of the Countess of Boigne" will give pleasure to all readers, but especially to those interested in "literary parallels," who will find many other resemblances than those I have mentioned between the Memoirs and "Suspense."

Conrad, like other writers of historical romances, has built his imaginary incidents on a framework of historical facts.

MILDRED ATKINSON.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

More on Hardy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I most heartily support Mr. John Macy's excellent letter about the repeated and unaccountable omission of Thomas Hardy from the lengthening list of Nobel Prizemen. Of course, I quite agree that it can make no real difference to Hardy's assured position whether he is or is not a prizeman of any kind at all. But it will certainly make a difference in the value of the prize itself; for its present and future value must be inevitably lowered by such a strange omission. Hardy is not only what Mr. Macy calls him, "the greatest living man of letters" (in, at least, the English tongue), but a still productive author whose original and creative works have long since made him an established compeer of the world's acknowledged classics of the past. To omit him from among the living is not too unlike completing a universal hall of literary fame without Goethe, Molière, Shakespeare, Dante, Virgil, the Homeric Poems, and the Book of Job. We consequently must suppose that the Nobel Prize Committee have some self-explanatory reason which would satisfy each convinced appreciator of Hardy's genius if he or she could only know what this plain reason was. Is it that Hardy has declined all offers? Is it that the committee have always deemed him *hors de concours?* Or is it something else?

For my blind self, I am inclined to think that the committee must have found him *hors de concours.* They have been looking out—and often most successfully—for each new mountain peak on each new national horizon; and they have purposely avoided the exploration of a whole range of mountains rooted among the everlasting hills. Hardy needs exploration, and much and varied exploration too, not only on the topmost peaks but in the deepest valleys of his art. His poetry and drama differ from his consummate novels; although a biographic unity does make them only different parts of a not too complex whole. He lays foundations, as a rule, with his verses and his one great play. He builds his battlemented heights and towering peaks with the greatest of his novels. This means that, to some extent, his poetry and drama belong rather to the quintessential things of which true verse and plays are made than to the ultimate refinements of most published verse and of plays adapted to the ordinary stage. His "Dynasts" and his poems are often fuller of profound suggestion than of facile expression; and, being so, appeal more strongly to those who can meet them quite half way than to the wider public. But novels like "The Return of the Native," "Tess," and "The Trumpet-Major" are as full of the highest true expression as of the very roots of life. Thus, in his several ways, Hardy appeals to all who can thoroughly appreciate original and creative work. He has (and who has not?) his imperfections. His tragic side is quite the stronger. And there are storms among his mountain peaks, and shadows of death in some of his deep valleys. Take him for all in all, however, he is the greatest living author of the English tongue; and the omission of his name from the list of Nobel Prizemen would be most detrimental to the continuing value of that prize.

But I cannot possibly believe that such an enlightened and unprejudiced committee as the one which adjudges the Nobel Prize for literature would ever have omitted Hardy again and again unless they thought him *hors de concours.* They have probably fixed their gaze on new emerging peaks alone, not on the range which was already great before their work began.

WILLIAM WOOD.

Quebec, Canada.

Flaubert's "Salammbo" has been filmed by a firm of French producers.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW SAYS OF

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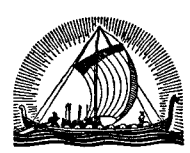

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

JOHN SLOAN. Edited by A. E. GALLATIN. Dutton. 1925.

No American painter better deserves a monograph than John Sloan. With a better trained public, he would have attained the recognition of a Forain. For his vision is no less searching and intense and his interpretation of his world similarly distinguished by a paradoxical blend of sternness, sympathy, and a bitter-sweet humor. Mr. Gallatin's study of Sloan's episodes from New York life is a model of concise yet sufficient appreciation, and the twenty-five plates of small folio scale give an adequate idea of Sloan as painter, etcher, and lithographer. The whole effect of the book is of distinction. One should be grateful for such mastery in social record and caricature as for a criticism so equal to its elucidation.

THE MODERN TENDENCY IN AMERICAN PAINTING. By CATHERINE BEATH ELY. Illustrated by Frederic Fairchild Sherman. 1925. $8.65 net.

The author of this charmingly made little quarto evidently accepts Professor Irving Babbitt's just distinction between modern and modernistic, for her moderns are mostly the men who arrived twenty years ago—Henri, Sloan, Glackens, Jerome Myers, A. B. Davies, Lawson, Du Bois, and Luks. By an even more generous stretch of the term, Weir, Brush, Thayer, Thomas Dewing, and Sargent (as aquarellist) are included, the survey thus comprising nearly everything that is really notable in our recent and contemporary painting.

Despite the title, there is little study of tendencies beyond a plea in the introduction for a closer relation between painter and public. What we have is a series of brief appreciations, which, without being very salient, are generally understanding and judicious. Such happy discoveries as that of the admirable watercolors of John Held make up for a shade of monotony in the book as a whole.

ART BY THE WAY. By TIMOTHY COLE. Rudge. 1925.

This is a carefully printed little monograph limited to 750 copies with a proof from one of the author's woodblocks after Zurbaran as frontispiece—a desirable item for the bibliophile. Mr. Cole proceeds from the whimsical assertion that art is humbug—the artist's dear, private illusions to the social conclusion that art is persuasion. The formulas do indeed go far to explain the normal and happy way of the artist—the desire to create a world of his own with the desire to share it. All this is worked out at a leisurely gait with time for illustrations from a rich personal experience and from wise books. The way skirts abysses marked realism and representation which the author passes without losing his balance. A wise and demurely witty essay which to an unhurried reader will yield much in the way of suggestion.

THE LAST YEARS OF RODIN. By MARCELLE TIREL. Translated by R. FRANCIS. Preface by JUDITH CLADEL. McBride.

For the last eleven years of Rodin's life Madame Tirel was his confidential secretary. She stepped into a household where the most sordid moral confusion reigned. Already in his dotage, the master was beset by all manner of parasites appealing to his lust, his vanity, his careless generosity. A titled mistress largely directed his contracts while his life-long companion remained a plaintive observer. Base folk and managing folk not so base exploited his notoriety. His disordered talk and notes became esteemed books under clever journalistic manipulation. His intention to leave his work to the State was the occasion of intrigues for position and pay. His senile passions meant a manner of fame to young *artistes* otherwise obscure. His fortune was a gage for unworthy and unloving kinsmen. When he finally married his life-long mistress, the prolonged if postponed honeymoon was necessarily spent in bed, for lack of coal. His death bed was invaded, and the pen put into a hand that could not guide it.

When one reads this explicit and vivid account of a most pitiful old age, one wavers between regret that such revelations should be made and conviction that they constitute a human document of capital importance. They explain the rotten streak in much of Rodin's work, and as well the paradox that so much genius in mere handicraft lacked all higher capacity for organization. To this extent the book in a painful way is enlightening. The author's dramatization of herself as a guardian angel is perhaps too evident, but the pungency of her utterance restores confidence in the essential veracity of her amazing narrative.

THE TECHNIQUE OF WATER COLOR PAINTING. By L. RICHMOND and J. LITTLEJOHNS. Putnams. 1925. $6.

THE ART OF WATER COLOR PAINTING. By E. BARNARD LINTOT. (Universal Art Series). Scribners. 1925. $7.50.

Messrs. Richmond and Littlejohns's book which concerns only the craft of the watercolorist is a repertory of experiment well illustrated by color plates. It discloses with a somewhat appalling particularity what ought to happen when the treacherous stain is spread on the capricious paper, and it predicts with equal ruthlessness what often does happen. It abounds in disciplinary and remedial recipes, the plates being made expressly to illustrate the points. Into the mysteries of calming the paper with paste or lacerating it before or after the stain we need not enter. The survey is thorough and to a water-colorist who has already achieved with reasonable proficiency personal habits the book should usefully serve the purpose of a first-aid kit. We should be sorry, however, to let a beginner share prematurely these secrets of the *cuisine*. It would either deter him entirely or lead him to depend upon his pastepot, scalpel, or water-tap when he should depend upon his brains. It might also encourage in him an expectancy of the happy accident beyond what experience justifies.

Mr. Lintot's book is a *vade-mecum* for the beginner in the widest sense, culminating in a brief survey of the glories of the British water color school. The book will interest the practitioner without much helping the beginner, for after all the watercolorist who trains his taste within the narrow bounds of his own specialty will be ill trained.

LOUIS BARYE. By *Charles Saunier*. Dodd, Mead. $1.75.

CHARLTON LECTURES ON ART. By *Lord Northbourne*, GEORGE CLAUSEN, and WILLIAM NORTON HOWE. Oxford University Press. $3.

Belles Lettres

CLASSICAL STUDIES. By J. W. MACKAIL. Macmillan. 1926.

Mr. Mackail, for many years professor of poetry at Oxford, has apparently suffered much from academic societies in need of scholastic exhortation and presidential addresses. Several of the papers delivered before classical associations appear in this volume. Fortunately there are also several essays on literary themes, written with such spontaneous grace and comprehension that one cannot but begrudge the space given to the protreptic discourses.

Helen of Troy has recently enjoyed one of her periodical revivals. Her homekeeping cousin and converse, Penelope, weaving her robe with increasing wistfulness as she awaits the return of her errant husband from the trenches, would seem to be sufficiently germane to recent experience to deserve no less. In his portrayal of her Mr. Mackail has with delicate taste left her in her native *milieu* which needs no retouching, and his essay will entice many a reader back to the Odyssey. In his two studies on Virgil, Mackail—as befits the biographer of William Morris—follows the romantic spirit of the poet into the "Middle Age" of early Rome and the quaint hill-towns of primitive Italy. To him and to Warde Fowler we owe much for bringing to notice this phase of the Æneid. Finally, there is an appreciative study of the Odes of Horace—to prove, if need be, that long association with pre-Raphaelite poets, with the Odyssey, and with Swinburne need not dull the liking for clarity, restraint, and precision.

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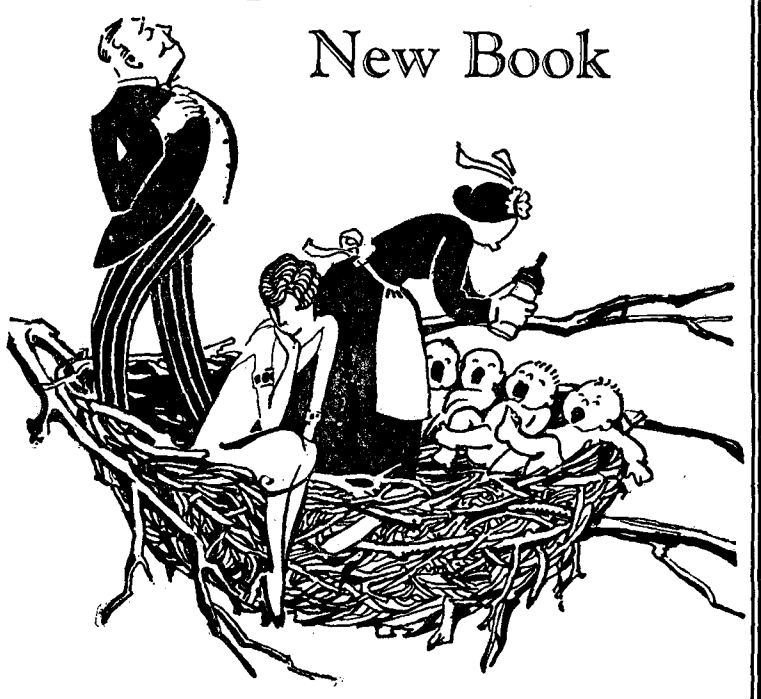

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Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ELMER E. ELLSWORTH AND THE ZOUAVES OF '61. By CHARLES A. INGRAHAM. University of Chicago Press. 1925.

For some years before the Civil War volunteer military companies were in vogue in many cities of the Union, North and South. One of the most famous of these was the Chicago Zouaves, whose discipline was brought to a high state of perfection by its brilliant young captain, Elmer E. Ellsworth, who drilled military companies also at Rockford and at Springfield, where he attracted the admiration of Abraham Lincoln. During the summer of 1860, Ellsworth published in the newspapers a challenge to any military company in the United States or Canada for the championship in a competitive drill contest. Receiving no acceptances, he resolved to tour twenty selected cities for the sake of giving exhibition drills. The tour included Cleveland, West Point, New York, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, and concluded at Springfield, Illinois. His company received the highest praise from military men, including General Scott and Major Hardee, commandant at West Point, and roused the interest of a wide public. Ellsworth participated in the campaign which elected Lincoln to the presidency and later accompanied the President-elect to Washington, in charge of the safety plans arranged for by the detective, Allan Pinkerton. Upon Lincoln's call for volunteers to suppress the rebellion, Ellsworth raised a regiment among the firemen of New York City and marched it to Washington, where it became the first sworn in for military duty. Virginia seceding, Ellsworth's regiment was ordered to occupy Alexandria. Here he was shot by the proprietor of a hotel as he was descending the stairway, after hauling down a Confederate flag he had seen flying from the roof. The slayer was immediately shot in turn by one of Ellsworth's men. Ellsworth was thus the first commissioned officer to fall in the Union army. Lincoln's letter of sympathy to his parents has been widely published. After his funeral at the White House, Ellsworth's body was buried at Mechanicville, N. Y., the home of his parents.

Dr. Ingraham, after years of interest in the subject, has published the only thoroughly well-documented and authoritative biography of the young Zouave, who exhibited unusual genius as a drillmaster, and who, but for the impetuous act which brought about his death at the age of twenty-four, gave promise of an exceptionally brilliant military career.

PUSHKIN. By *Prince D. S. Mirsky*. Dutton. $2.50.

GOGOL. By *Janko Lavrin*. Dutton. $2.50.

CALEB HEATHCOTE. By *Dixon Ryan Fox*. Scribners. $3.

THE SUNLIT HOURS. By *Sir Theodore Condrea Cook*. Doran. $6 net.

TWENTY-FIVE. By *Beverley Nichols*.. Doran. $2.50 net.

MELODIES AND MEMORIES. By *Nellie Melba*. Doran. $5 net.

THE LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF SIR WILLIAM HARDMAN. Doran. $7.50.

THE ROSALIE EVANS LETTERS FROM MEXICO. Arranged by *Daisy Caden Petters*. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

THE WOMEN OF THE SALONS. By *S. G. Tallentyre*. Putnams. $3.75.

THE LIFE OF STEPHEN F. AUSTIN. Cokesbury Press. $5.

MY NEW YORK. By *Mabel Osgood Wright*. Macmillan. $2.50.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

Fiction

GANDLE FOLLOWS HIS NOSE. By HEYWOOD BROUN. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $1.50.

There is a pleasing naiveté in the publisher's note on the jacket of Mr. Broun's fairy tale: "His best friends say, 'This is Heywood's big book.'" Well, we are a better friend of Mr. Broun than that. Big is precisely what "Gandle" is not, in any sense. It is a tender little fable, crisply and sharply written, with lively touches of Mr. Broun's engaging humor. He has a real gift for this sort of thing; he has always been admirable with dragons and their boyish exterminators; but the big book—if and when—will have to be something of a more serious voltage. He gives the travel-stained rolling-stock of fairy tale a shunt into new sidings and scenery. The story of the boy who grew up in ignorance of all life's ways, who disobeyed the sorcerer's advice, took the wrong road, and found the magic lamp, has its pathos and its grace. He discovers that love and paternity (paternity is a familiar theme in Mr. Broun's ethical fables) as acquired on the Aladdin plan are less satisfying than the annoying and passionate creatures of reality. There are flashes of real wistfulness in the little book, and an agreeable twinkle of the author's special drollery—as where Gandle's wife tells him, as he sets forth to do battle, to come back with his sword or without it. But the fable, like its hero, gently follows its nose wherever the scent leads. There is no special reason why one thing should happen rather than another: Gandle's death at the end is to provide an effective (and it *is* effective) curtain-line. But in the "big" book, the nose must come against some grindstone.

OCHILTREE WALLS. By W. IRVINE CUMMINGS. McBride. 1926. $2.

A prodigal amount of first-rate writing seems to be wasted here because the author does not appear to have expended corresponding effort upon making either his story or his characters interesting. It is the tale of an old Maine family numbering five men, John Roberts and his four grown sons, Alan, the eldest, who dies at sea before the narrative opens, Hector, Svend, and John, the youngest. All of them, we understand, are magnificent fellows, tall, rugged, intellectual, romantic, but the towering shadows of the departed Alan's fame and brilliancy occasionally gives them pause. The main burden of the action is borne by the youthful, high-strung, melancholy John. He is an erudite rover, after graduation from Harvard going in for out-door jobs, such as bossing lumberjacks in the woods and overseeing labor gangs in railway construction work. His leisure he spends in philandering, fighting, drinking and dreaming, though these relaxations never take him beyond the boundaries set up by himself as separating a gentleman from the vulgar. A nondescript host of girls fall heavily for his virile charms at sight, while he, a discontented, aimless egotist, brooding with mighty airs upon his destiny, is faithful to none. His two elder brothers die, and John, at last weary of stressful wandering, comes home to his father and the girl of his first love, only to leave them again on the morrow. Somehow, though all this is undeniably well told, the reader is scarcely ever impelled to feel more than casually attentive to the proceedings.

WITH OR WITHOUT. By FANNY HEASLIP LEA. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $1.75.

Although masquerading as a novel, this very slender tale of marriage and remarriage is nothing more than a short story spun out to 184 sparsely filled pages. It is not sufficient to last a slow reader on a train from New York to Philadelphia, and should never have eschewed the magazine world to squeeze in between book covers.

On page 1, "the Devlins are having a row;" on page 56, Sally Devlin leaves her husband and goes back to her old job; on page 140, she is home again and there to stay. She has adventures, of course, during the period she resumes her maiden name, and her husband, Harris Devlin, has others. The most important crisis he experiences is an automobile accident, and in the present narrative this is the necessary *deus ex machina*, albeit a rather bloody one that is introduced on a rainy night that washes out bridges and keeps four oddly assorted people prisoners in an apartment built for two.

Fanny Heaslip Lea tells her tale with adequate knowledge of plot, suspense, and the superficialities of character analysis. Her fatal mistake is that she arouses the reader's interest, and then allows the publishers to affix the word, Finis, in capital letters.

STANLEY JOHNS' WIFE. By KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR. Doran. 1926. $2.

The innocent and simple could scarcely be employed more consistently for the telling of a triangular love story, and yet produce agreeable reading, than are to be found here. Stanley is a prosperous "ham" author of forty-five whose wife, Mary, has grown stout and frumpy beneath the burden of raising his children and tending his home. He longs to stray before his years have grown too many. A pressing incentive to his slumbrous urge is provided by the introduction into the Johns household for a prolonged stay of a personable but extremely silly girl of twenty-two. She is the daughter of a friend of Stanley's youth, and the guileless author falls at once for her flashy, shallow charm. Mary observes the progress of the affair (it is limited to furtive "petting") without protest, know-

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ing full well that Stanley's malady will eventually cure itself. In the end she is right, and safety is restored to the slightly damaged props of the happy home.

THE FREE LOVERS. By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN. Macaulay. 1925. $2.

Glib, smart, full of racy situations, but essentially false and tawdry is this new book by the author of "The House of Bondage." When convictions replace conventional morality, whatever one's opinion of the convictions, one can at least respect those who sincerely hold them. This futile tale, however, takes its rise in no clearly formulated principles and makes no contribution to the problem it pretends to discuss.

It proceeds in terms of raided roadhouses, gin-inspired marriages, and extramarital trips to Bermuda—with Parisian picture-card stuff about eloquent thighs thrown in—until three pages from the end when the free lovers suddenly discover that "the only free men and women are free inside the ropes" and express a longing to be remarried in a church.

Free lovers worthy of the name will of course repudiate the empty-headed hero and heroine at the outset. Indeed it is difficult to see how anyone can be titillated by a story in which eloping mates invariably turn up at the same place as their eloping partners and in which the psychological reactions of such mixed foursomes accord with no known principles of human behavior. But, on second thought, perhaps the incurably adolescent will be somewhat dazzled by the flashy paste gems strewn along the way.

BLACK IVORY. By POLAN BANKS. Harpers. 1926. $2.

After Mr. Edward Lucas White in his Prefatory Gesture has commended the title of this story, the selection of its hero and setting, and the enthusiasm of its author, he wisely steps aside. One might also suggest that he wisely side-steps praising the tale as a tale.

Using Louisiana in the early years of the nineteenth century as a background and splashing against it pirates, smugglers, contraband slaves and lovely Creole ladies, Mr. White himself would doubtless have designed an unusual and alluring pattern, and given us another of his spirited interpretations of the past. Unfortunately, "Black Ivory" takes most of its characters, situations, and sentiments from the frayed stock-in-trade of the historical romance costumers. (Whence it takes some of the French spoken by its proud descendants of the *ancien régime*, Heaven and the author only know.) Teeth are gnashed, feet stamped, villains fall shot through the heart, the hero, replacing a smoking pistol, walks nonchalantly away, and in general the impossible repeatedly happens in the good old way before two figures, silhouetted in the moonlight against the bright silver of the river, unmistakably embrace. Action enough for a moving-picture, and, as may be inferred, plenty of subtitles all ready to use.

UPSTAIRS. By MRS. VICTOR RICKARD. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2 net.

This story concerns the murder of a baronet who turns out to have been nearly as wicked as self-respecting baronets in fiction are supposed to be. And how the ladies loved him! It was his fatal attractions that in the end cost him his life, as we are permitted to discover when the story is staggering to a conclusion that both author and reader find some difficulty in reaching. It is a pity that Mrs. Rickard's story peters out at the end, for the first part is pretty good stuff. At any rate, it possesses some of the essentials of a mystery story: it moves and it is mysterious, even though it is deficient in the dramatic thrills that a tale of this kind should have. The secret of how Sir Hector Montague came to die in the lovely Vanessa's house is well kept, while the subsidiary characters are made to contribute their due share to the progress of the mystery. The chief trouble is that the author handles so many threads and ravels them so together that in the end she has a hard time getting them untangled and is neither very plausible nor very interesting in the process.

THE OLD KING'S TREASURE. By GLADYS BLAKE. Appleton. 1926. $1.75.

Sicilian brigands, a haunted villa, a treasure buried and lost since ancient times, furnish exciting adventures for several youngsters in their early teens (and boy and girl readers of corresponding years) in this excellently told juvenile romance. The scene is Sicily, where the Americanized Count Reni, curious to learn how his dishonest native overseer manages the Count's inherited estates, arrives incognito with his wife and children to spend the summer. Numerous surprises, of both a pleasant and disagreeable nature, greet them, which keep the action humming at a breathless pace through the entire course of the tale.

YOUNG LOVE. By JOHN G. BRANDON. Brentanos. 1925. $2.

This is the young high-powered romantic formula. No reader need feel any apprehension from the very first pages that the resourceful American football star, Bill Dennett, is not going to come out on top. When Bill cuts himself from the allowances of his enormously millionairish father, does one worry for his financial success? Not a bit of it. When in London, Bill, short of money, but long on love at first sight for the beautiful Shiela, hires out as her chauffeur, does even a timorous reader doubt what is really to be the outcome? A thousand times, no. The fact that Shiela's estates in Ireland are about to be lost to her; that the young wizard of financial London is a villain of a suitor apparently holding all the trumps; that murder is plotted—all this is just put in the path of our hero to make the glorious final happiness greater. To fill the cup to the brim Bill outwits his father in a great international financial *coup*. What could be more adventuro-romantic than all that?

THE WORLD'S BEST SHORT STORIES of 1925. Sixteen Tales Selected by the Editors of the Leading American Magazines. Doran. 1925. $2.50.

These stories gain their collective and perhaps misleading title from the fact that they were reprinted in the Sunday edition of the New York *World*. The method of selection—the editors chose what they regarded as the best piece of fiction in their magazine for a year—has provided an interesting group of tales. The first story by itself justifies the book; it is I. A. R. Wylie's poignantly moving "Little Fraulein and the Big World" from *Good Housekeeping*. The other selections range from a high popular level to mediocre. Irvin Cobb's "Standing Room Only," chosen by Ray Long, of the *Cosmopolitan*, is in the best Cobb vein. "The Most Dangerous Game," by Richard Connell, is bizarre; Zona Gale's "The Biography of Blade" is an episode told with insight and dexterity. It is interesting to note that the five of the sixteen stories from women's magazines average higher in quality than the others.

THE SON OF THE HOUSE. By *Anthony Pryde*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

SOLDIERS' PAY. By *William Faulkner*. Boni & Liveright.

THE SHANTY SLED. By *Hulbert Footner*. Doran. $2 net.

JACOB'S WELL. By *Pierre Benoit*. International Publishers. $2.

ROYAL HIGHNESS. By *Thomas Mann*. Knopf. $2.50.

BROKEN EARTH. By *Maurice Hindus*. International Publishers. $2.

MIRANDA MASTERS. By *John Cournos*. Knopf.

THE SHOALS OF HONOUR. By *Elizabeth Sanxay Holding*. Dutton. $2.

THE FLYING MERMAID. By *Ethelreda Lewis*. Doran. $2 net.

THE LITTLE LESS. By *Aishie Pharall*. Appleton. $2.

THAT FOOL OF A WOMAN. By *Millicent Sutherland*. Putnams. $2.

MISS TIVERTON GOES OUT. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

HE RATHER ENJOYED IT. By *P. G. Wodehouse*. Doran. $2 net.

SPRING RUNNING. By *F. W. Bronson*. Doran. $2 net.

UNDER TROPIC SKIES. By *Louis Becke*. Lippincott.

POSSIBLE HUSBANDS. By *Arthur Tuckerman*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THREE PREDATORY WOMEN. By *Sydney Loch*. Doran. $2 net.

THE BLUE WINDOW. By *Temple Bailey*. Penn.

URKEY ISLAND. By *Wilbur Daniel Steele*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Miscellaneous

MAN AND WEATHER. By ALEXANDER MCADIE. Harvard University Press. 1926. $2.

This booklet is one of several slender volumes in which the Director of Blue Hill Observatory, has from time to time rounded up small collections of his magazine articles and addresses on meteorological topics. Its six chapters are but loosely tied together. The first recounts a number of instances in which weather has played a prominent rôle in warfare. The second deals with weather forecasting and the practical uses made of meteorological records. It is enlivened with anecdotes drawn from the author's experience as Weather Bureau forecaster for the Pacific Coast region, and illustrates

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Idea of the Holy. *By Rudolf Otto.* Translated by John W. Harvey.

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The Attributes of God. *By L. R. Farnell.*

Dr. Farnell discusses here the qualities attributed to God in all the religions of the world of which we have record or knowledge. Price $4.25.

Sacrifice in the Old Testament—Its Theory and Practice. *By George Buchanan Gray.*

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

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the multifarious public services rendered by Uncle Sam's weathermen—from saving the orange crop to providing adequate ventilation for incubator babies, and from furnishing a pair of impatient lovers with a climatic argument in behalf of a hasty wedding to settling a wide range of questions in the law courts. The third chapter reveals the structure of our six-story atmosphere; the fourth discusses clouds, fog, and water vapor; the fifth, lightning; and the sixth, droughts and floods. The sections dealing, at considerable length, with the spectrum of the aurora are not quite up to date, as they fail to record the now widely accepted conclusion of McClennan and Shrum that the "auroral line" is due to helium with a small admixture of oxygen.

Professor McAdie writes gracefully and entertainingly, but his hobbies in terminology, for which he is celebrated among his scientific colleagues, must be somewhat perplexing to the man in the street. Each of his books for the laity needs a little glossary to explain that "aerography" is Blue Hillese for "meteorology," and so on.

The illustrations attest to the author's skill as a photographer. The frontispiece, however, requires an explanation that is not given. It shows one of the familiar symbolic figures from the Tower of the Winds, at Athens, facing in reversed direction, as compared with the original. This is because the picture was made from a replica adorning the library wall at Blue Hill, where certain liberties have been taken with the facts of archæology.

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK: 1925. Edited by ALBERT BUSHNELL HART and WILLIAM M. SCHUYLER. Macmillan. 1926. $7.50.

This record of events and progress, issued annually from 1910 to 1919 and suspended since the latter year, makes its reappearance in enlarged form, and covering several fields additional to those included in the earlier manuals. It is a compendium, which presenting as it does surveys of developments in various realms of activity, political, economic, business, and intellectual, should prove of much service to editors, statisticians, and all those depending upon facts for their work. It is conveniently arranged; its articles are supplied by authoritative writers; the volume is carefully indexed, and its surveys have been brought as nearly as possible up to the moment.

BULB GARDENING. By A. J. MACSELF. Scribners. 1925. $2.

SOILS AND FERTILIZERS. The same.

These two volumes of the Home Garden Books are from Great Britain and bear transplanting to the shelf of the amateur gardener better than most others. This is partly because of the subjects they cover, but is due also to their praiseworthy charity and practical character. British gardeners have long been known for their success in the building up of soils and Mr. Macself states excellently the principles of this foundation work. The volume on bulbs, that group so popular with the gardener, however amateurish, covers its field adequately, but the reader will find more traces of its alien origin than in the case of Mr. Macself's other book. The correct fundamentals of bulb planting and tending are well stated for the purposes of the home gardener.

WHALERS AND WHALING. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Lippincott. 1926.

Commander Chatterton writes easily, lightly, pleasantly. He is determined to extract all possible romance from whale-hunting, and to avoid the smell of actuality. His book is a library book; that is, made out of other books. The material has been collected, not for its historical value, nor for an accurate picture of whaling at any time, but for copy of an adventurous kind. As such, it is excellent. Honest, boyish enthusiasm is seen in phrases like "the elusive mammoth of the sea," "the shouts of deep-throated men," and "the whale speeded up like the wind itself." "Speed?", the writer asks on p. 97, "The animal never showed up an instant, minutes flew past, the miles added up and the whaler men began to get a little anxious. How long could this be continued?" We were getting anxious too, for the whale was a ponderous, 90-barrel right whale, and he seemed to be setting up a dangerous precedent. But perhaps we were wrong to break the illusion. Had we been a boy we would have enjoyed that anxiety. It is in the tradition of Mayne Reid. Only Mayne Reid was frankly telling adventure stories, and Commander Chatterton is not so open-hearted. In his desire to encourage "the deep-sea call," he mixes up the tall stories with the true. The mixture has punch, but the elation does not last.

GREAT CIRCLE SAILING. By L. M. BERKELEY. New York: White Book & Supply Co., 36 West 91st Street. $1.50.

The greater the circle, speaking of those circles marked upon the surface of a sphere, the shorter the distance between any two points spanned by the circle. A Great Circle, of course, is a circle whose plane cuts the center of the sphere and divides the srhere, or globe, into two equal halves. In avigation, on the great seaways, where land and shoals and ice, do not prevent, navigators choose to sail along the perimeter of a great circle and hence the term, "Great Circle Sailing."

Mr. Berkeley, in his very interesting booklet, solves the problems by simple mathematics, and reduces the determination of distances and initial and intermediate courses, to exact formulæ. The book should find a growing body of navigators, both amateur and professional, ready to take advantage of its concise presentation of the problems involved.

Religion

ANGLICANISM. An Introduction to Its History and Philosophy. By W. H. CARNEGIE. Putnams. 1925.

Denominationalism like nationalism, is today on the defensive and it is natural that the speaker's chaplain to the House of Commons should write a book justifying the Church of England in the spirit of the old line patriot sincerely convinced of the divine sanctions of his institution. Mr. Carnegie regards the church of England as the appropriate expression of the religious consciousness of the Anglo-Saxon race. His book is not exactly insular; it is imperialist as the English people have become politically an empire. He has little doubt of the superiority of the English political ideal and less doubt of the special fitness of the state church to voice that ideal. His book is devoted mainly to religious and intellectual history. He expounds the satisfactory adjustments which he feels churchmanship has made to each of the successive "isms" which have challenged it in the centuries of its life. Its middle ground between Papalism and Lutheranism is counted a strength, its rejection of higher criticism, of modernism and agnosticism, and its firm reliance on tradition, "a master principle of Anglo-Saxon life in all its different phases and activities," are welcomed as assets. The lack of agreement among modernists and the lack of freedom among Catholics are deplored, while for Anglicanism the author sees occasion for being not quite complacent only in its failure to heal the breaches of industrial strife.

SEVEN DAYS WITH GOD: By A. M. RIBHANY. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.50.

Mr. Ribhany is known in his local circle as a clergyman trained in the vicissitudes of an interesting personal history and endowed of spiritual insight. By his books he is known more widely especially as the interpreter of the Near East to the West. This volume deals in part with the same topic, but in the main it is an ironic and optimistic attempt to interpret all human life spiritually. Mr. Ribhany denies that the West, in spite of its material civilization, is essentially less religious than the East. He is unwilling that we should deceive or excuse ourselves as though we were too practical to be mystical. There are plenty of evidences of spiritual idealism in the West. So he will not admit that life can be sundered into the religious and the secular or that religion and science actually conflict. Religion and science are busied with different phases of life. We may live not one but seven days with God each week. And without God life is less hopeful and less happy. The book includes further a series of chapters on prayer and one on immortality. Though he deals therefore with ancient questions and doubts, the author has a fresh and persuasive way of commending men to believe in God and to rejoice in his presence.

Science

FUNDAMENTAL CONCEPTS OF PHYSICS. By PAUL R. HEYL. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins. 1926. $2.

These three popular lectures, delivered by Dr. Heyl a year ago at the Carnegie Institute of Technology of Pittsburg, trace

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Trade Winds

A BOOK that my customers are beginning to talk about is "The Saga of Billy the Kid," a thrilling history of outlaw doings in New Mexico back in the '70's. Billy the Kid, shot at twenty-one, after having killed a man for each of the years he had lived, was "a Sir Henry Morgan of the purple sage, his flagship a bronco pony, the cattle ranges his Spanish Main." If the current taste in reading runs to picaresque, as critics are telling us, it's not necessary to dig up mediæval European ruffians. The story of Billy the Kid, an animal as perfect as a wolf, an engaging and steel-nerved youth whose hand was just a little quicker to the trigger than almost anyone else's, beats any detective yarn I've read. I don't know who is this Walter Noble Burns, who writes the book, but he savvies how to tell his tale. Several customers have said, what is quite true, that there ought to be some maps in the book: a map of Texas and New Mexico, and a plan of the town of Lincoln, where the three-day fight took place. This is to me—I suppose like most lurking booksellers, I have repressed desires for banditry—a gloriously exciting book, a bit of genuine Americana, and one of the few things I've ever read that made me hope to see those cattle ranges and sunlit arroyos. It ought to sell like Zane Grey and Stewart Edward White. It's interesting to find Lee Hall, of Texas, mentioned in the story, Wasn't he O. Henry's ranchman friend of the '80's?

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Another customer points out what seems to be an odd error in Carl Sandburg's "Life of Lincoln." He says that Mr. Sandburg allows Nancy Hanks to sing the hymn, "Greenland's Icy Mountains," on her deathbed; but he maintains that Heber did not write it until some years later. Even, he insists, if Rev. Heber had forwarded the first copy of the hymn direct to Mrs. N. H. Lincoln by special delivery mail, it could not have got there in time.

William H. Allen, of 3345 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, in his latest catalogue ("Trivial Books for Serious Students") sets down a pleasantly optimistic note on a copy of a book about New York. "In New York," says Brother Allen, "a civilized man can find more things that he wants and live with greater freedom than elsewhere in this country; that is why outsiders are so jealous! There men are judged for their intellect, not for their family or their wealth."

A different line of thinking is set out by Charles J. Finger, of Fayettesville, Arkansas, whose little magazine, *All's Well*, is known to several of my customers, who send Mr. Finger two dollars a year for it, because they know he always has something to say and states it briskly and thoughtfully. In his knocking round the country, Charles Finger finds that the people he meets—in towns like Dallas, or Columbus, or Louisville, for instance—are very unlike the reader of Mencken's *Americana* might imagine. And he says:

"I think that, so far as the southwest goes, the idea of New York and Chicago being the final arbiters has almost vanished. That is natural because the people of the southwest know a great deal about New York and Chicago as well as about their own section, whereas they have learned that those in New York know nothing but a narrow pathway between their own homes and their own offices, and certainly mighty little about life and manners and sections of the great outside. You can learn nothing at all of the various aspects of contemporary life by riding across the continent on a train or in an auto. But a tremendous lot of life in cities can be determined in a week or two by an outsider free to go and to come. Such a one sees that the big city man is an undifferentiated creature, largely sycophantic, boss-scared, money-grasping, tied hand and foot to his job, governed, directed, poked underground, shoved into barred passageways like animals in a stock yard, browbeaten, beset with rules and regulations, suspicious of his neighbor, taciturn, frustrated, obedient, boxed-up, curbed, driven. He sees that the big city man takes his opinions ready made; has no pride of home; for who would leap to sword and spear for a steam-heated flat? But with your man in the southwest there is a pride in belonging to an expanding community, and, mark you, that pride will some day result in literary independence, among other things. Some day some one down here will play the part for its writers and its artists and its musicians that the country bookseller Cootle once played for Coleridge and Wordsworth."

❧ ❧

For my own part, I am scared of all these generalizations, however they tend. It is true that there are no subways in Copenhagen, and yet I know no city on earth where there is a pleasanter cultural life. I don't know that there is any special artistic virtue or vice in subways: but I find them always an adventure, and a grand way of getting quickly to somewhere where I want to meet amusing people or see exciting things—as I slipped downtown the other day to see the last wreckage of the old Astor House dustily being picked to scraps underneath the shining tower of Woolworth. I was like the man in O. Henry's story: O. Henry said that when the time came for the Astor House to be torn down the man who would lament the loudest would be the fellow from Terre Haute who was kicked out of the free lunch bar in 1878.

Jocunda has taken to studying mathematics. The book she is excited about this week is Wentworth's Plane Geometry, of which I had an old copy. She says that life is far too much cluttered up and complicated with emotions and psychic explosions; she hankers for something that will appeal only to the intellect, something that is logical and purely mental, with the satisfaction of exact demonstration. "That's what I call Truth, P. E. G.," she cried in ecstasy when she finished a problem, "To construct a pentagon similar to a given pentagon and equivalent to a given trapezoid." Jocunda has a fine mind, as clear and honest as a woodland pond, and any customers who try to throw stones into it, to see the emotional ripples spread and waver, will be blacklisted at once.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Religion

the development of physical science during the last three centuries. The author's vivid and entertaining style does full justice to the romance of his subject. The first two lectures contrast the materialism of the eighteenth century with the more idealistic tendencies of the nineteenth, while the third surveys in simple language the astounding—but to the mind of the author *evolutionary* rather than *revolutionary*—discoveries of the first part of the twentieth century. His emphasis is not so much on the nature of present day concepts in physics as upon their growth out of the concepts of the past. The book is most readable in form and authoritative in the statements which it contains.

THESE SAYINGS OF MINE. By *Lloyd C. Douglas.* Scribners. $1.50.

THE POETRY OF OUR LORD. By *Rev. C. F.* BURNEY. Oxford University Press. $5 net.

THE PEOPLE AND THE BOOK. Edited by *Arthur S. Peake.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Travel

MYSTERY CITIES. By THOMAS GANN. Scribners. 1925. $5.

The author of this book is an authority on the prehistoric Mayans; their civilization, culture, and traditions. He has examined and reëxamined their burial mounds, pyramids, and subterranean walls. But in this book he has avoided the duller phases of excavatory work, and given us, instead, a plenitude of its high adventures. Within two hundred and forty-eight well-illustrated pages he gives a bald account of life as he found it in British Honduras. And none of it is wearisome detail.

He describes accurately and interestingly some of his "finds." The "bearded human face, broken away from the body at the neck;" the "monkey's head;" the "small grotesque figure of an old man;" and a "short, bald-headed, old man completely devoid of head-dress, with hanging cheeks, and a large protruding tongue." Once his tipsy boat was attacked and almost upset by a tiger shark; at another time he barely escaped being bitten by a venomous tamagass; and all the while ticks, doctor flies, mosquitoes, vicious red bugs, and so on, indulged in a feast that, unfortunately, was not Barmecidean. Gann's companions—Lady Brown, and Mitchell Hedges—killed thirty-one scorpions and eleven tarantulas in their own dwelling. The book has been written, apparently, for the public and will be appreciated.

AN IMMIGRANT IN JAPAN. By THEODATE GEOFFREY. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $3.

Although there is no dearth of books on Japan, this one seems by no means superfluous. It is well illustrated and gives entertainingly its information. Further, the book is trustworthy because its author learned the language, adopted the customs, then lived intimately with these much maligned people. It is a good book for those who know nothing of that country, and pleasant reading for those who have seen Japan.

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Author of "The Trail Rider"

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The Trail From Devil's Country

By Albert M. Treynor

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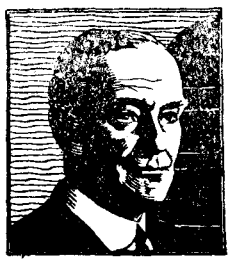

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A BALANCED RATION

THEY KNEW THE WASHINGTONS. Translated by the *Princess Radziwill* (Bobbs-Merrill).

CREATIVE FREEDOM. By *J. W. T. Mason* (Harpers).

THE JESSAMY BRIDE. By *F. Frankfort Moore* (Duffield).

G. K. H., New York City, asks for guidance among gardening books, for one who wishes to gather, in time, a compact collection for amateur uses.

I HAVE been waiting for this: something like it was sure to come along when Spring began to bud into seed catalogues. So I consulted high authority—the Reader's Guide can raise paper narcissus and grow sunflowers, but that's as far as I go. The following books, however, I can recommend as to their lucidity of statement, and all of them are guaranteed by experts as safe to follow.

The basis and background is Bailey's "Cyclopedia of Horticulture" (Macmillan), in six volumes, the standard work of reference. Every library consulted by professional or even serious amateur gardeners should have it, and Bailey's "Manual of Cultivated Plants" (Macmillan), a single volume that is a sort of a Century Dictionary of the subject, at least I go to it for reference in much the spirit in which I consult that work. The uses of "Standardized Plant Names" are apparent: it is a vital reference book published by the American Joint Committee on Horticultural Nomenclature, at Salem, Mass., 1923, and is a catalogue of approved scientific and common names of plants in American commerce.

Now for garden design: "An Introduction to the Study of Landscape Design," by Hubbard and Kimball (Houghton Mifflin); "Garden Design in Theory and Practice," by M. Agar (Lippincott); "Come Into the Garden," by Grace Tabor (Macmillan), and "Art Out of Doors," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer (Scribner); of the last-named there is a new and enlarged edition. Some of these are out of print but not hard to get. Then "The Seasons in a Flower Garden," by Louise Shelton (Scribners), a small book for the amateur; "Continuous Bloom in America," by Louise Shelton (Scribner), a large, illustrated guide for what, when, and where to plant; Cluttonbrock's "Studies in Gardening," in an American edition (Scribner), and the gorgeous big "Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers," by Richardson Wright (Lippincott), with pictures in color and otherwise.

The "Little Garden Series," edited by Mrs. Francis King (Atlantic Monthly Press), may be taken complete, and all together or in part is as practical an equipment as most beginners need. "The Little Garden," by Mrs. King, is the best-known; the others are "Variety in the Little Garden," by Mrs. King; "Peonies in the Little Garden," by Mrs. Edward Harding; "Design in the Little Garden," by Fletcher Steele; "The Little Garden for Little Money," by Kate L. Brewster; "Roses in the Little Garden," by G. W. Stevens. In the matter of cottage gardens, I may add for the use of intending travelers this summer that if you would like personal information on what love and time can do upon a little space, just walk through any English village—say in Kent or in Hampshire—admire the cat and get into conversation.

The landscape architecture of comparatively limited space is considered in Elsa Rehmann's "The Small Place" (Putnams); fifteen typical places are planned. Include "My Garden," and "Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden," both by Louise Beebe Wilder and published by Doubleday, Page; Mrs. Francis King's "The Well-Considered Garden," "Pages from a Garden Note-Book," and "Chronicles of the Garden," all published by Scribner, and A. D. Taylor's "The Complete Garden" (Doubleday, Page), a large and beautifully illustrated book, another of the general, encyclopædic works especially for large places but with value for small ones.

Two small books will be found very valuable: "The Pocket Gardener," by Thomas, published by Cassell, and "Pronunciations of Plant Names," published by the Garden Club of America, 598 Madison Avenue, N. Y. The best available color chart is Ridgway's "Color Standards and Color Nomenclature," sold now by the A. T. de la Mare Co., Box 100, Times Sq., N. Y. This last piece of information will apply also to the needs of *J. W. W. Bemidgi, Minn.*

R. E. H., Wichita, Kans., has been asked to recommend a list of books for a cynical friend; she has suggested Cabot's "What Men Live By," Stanley Hall's "Morale," and one or two others, but is not prepared with the fiction that seems to be desired.

F by cynicism you mean, as many people do when they use the word, the yellow-beaked sophistication of the immature, only time will modify it; that, and possibly an overdose of the earlier works of Scott Fitzgerald—not, I hasten to say, his "Great Gatsby," and "All the Sad Young Men" (Scribner). Whatever there may be for the reader's soul in these two books, whether food or poison, gets into it and stays; "The Beautiful and Damned" only temporarily overcrowds the system. But if you mean the state of being *blasé*, convinced that life is not worth living, generally fed-up, the best book I know is Chesterton's "Manalive" (Dodd, Mead). I could do without some of it: an effort so strenuous should not be so long sustained; but at least four-fifths of the book is actively, unescapably invigorating. There is a ballade of Chesterton's with the refrain "I think I will not hang myself today"—I think it is called a "Ballade of Suicide"—that has much the same common-sense spirit.

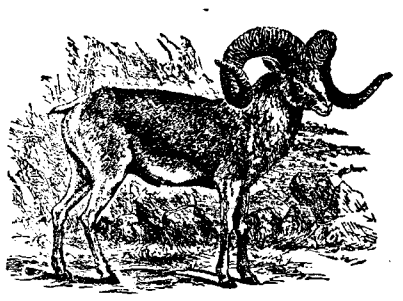
This matter must be turned over to the readers of this department: what novels do you think would cure a man of cynicism—always supposing you would wish it cured? After all, Diogenes settled the housing problem, and even in his day it must have staggered some of the merry and bright.

If I was vague about the title of the poem in the paragraph above, it is because in the "dwarf" list I trusted my memory without looking up, and *H. C. R., Mankato, Minn.*, tells me that "the pathetic story of the dwarfs written by Aldous Huxley is to be found in 'Crome Yellow' rather than in 'Mortal Coils,' as you stated, and a most glamorous and touching tale it is." He predicts a rush of indignant Huxleyites with the information. I can but hope to appease them with the fact, known to all Huxleyites, that it is impossible to keep either of these works from being borrowed, and that both of them were out of my reach when I wrote. In addition, and for the benefit could develop your memory for details," I cheerfully admit that I have no memory at all for bibliographical details, and get titles right only because I copy them from the book held in the hand, or failing that, from the catalogue. I went over the titles of "A Reader's Guide Book" three times every one, just that way. This matter of remembering details is fascinating, anyway; some day I'd like to talk it over with a lot of people and find out what they recall and forget. I can't carry a telephone number across the room, but I can hear a phrase calling me from the upper left-hand corner of a page three-quarters through a book on those built-in shelves beside the fireplace. That's the sort of catalogue I would make.

Here are some additions offered by readers to recent lists. *M. W., Hamden, Conn.*, says that Walter Scott almost always has a dwarf or two in his books, such as Flibbertigibbet of "Kenilworth," the two little creatures from "The Talisman," the Goblin from the "Lay," and best of all the "Black Dwarf," dear Elshie, who could not keep his vow of hatred for all men. *C. R. B., New York*, speaks for Scott also in the matter of brothers: the Glendinnings of "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," he says should have been on the list, for which he offers also the little princes in "Richard III," and for the dwarfs, Scott's Sir Geoffrey Hudson of "Peveril." Speaking once more of brothers, had I then seen "Israel, Elihu, and Cadwallader Washburn: a Chapter in American Biography," by Gaillard Hunt (Macmillan), I would have put it high on the list. Here are three of the seven sons of a man of Maine: all in Congress at the same time, and two were Governors of their State; all seven sons were leading citizens, and it is possible that a later addition may take in the whole family. For the purposes of this list they are excellent: says Mr. Hunt, "What may be termed family opinion flourished and was a recognized force with them." That is a phrase for which any native New Englander will find use.

Here are some biographical novels: *E. N. S., Albany, N. Y.*, sends in four: "The Little Chronicle of Magdalina Bach," by Violet Meynell, based on the life of Johann Bach; "The Nightingale," by Marjorie Strachey, on the life of Chopin; "St. Helios," by Anna Robeson Burr (saying that St. Helios isn't Byron nor is his Nick Allegra, but they are called might-have-beens and he is an enthralling old chap. Duffield publishes it) and "We Must March," by Honoré Willsie Morrow (Stokes). By all means put this one on the list, say I; I don't know a better way to make a start with the life of Narcissa of those who write, wistfully, "I wish I Whitman and the other pioneers of the Oregon trail. *M. S., New York*, advises "The Dreamer," Mary N. Stanard's recent (revised) edition, a novel based on the life of Poe (Lippincott), and says that among the earlier novels he had always a particular fondness for Ford's "Honorable Peter Sterling," founded on the life of Grover Cleveland.

The Marco Polo Sheep



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Doubleday, Page & Co. $2

The Phoenix Nest

WE are always interested in evidence to the effect that the *Nest* has aroused in anyone the spirit of controversy. Certainly we always welcome suggestions. * * * So let us first paste up the following brickbat:

A SOLEMN PROTEST

You gol-darned old Phoenician,
It's a literary crime
To put book-news in rhyme.
Here's hoping Lucifer whisks
Your words from the asterisks,
By way of shrewd deletion.
What I think of your recent colyums
Would fill a few indecent volumes.
Pro bono publico.

* * * Just *why*, theoretically speaking, it should be "a literary crime to put book-news in rhyme," quite escapes us. But we like to arouse solemn protests. * * * *Terry Ramsaye*, of Elliott & Ramsaye, and, incidentally, the author of that history of the Motion Picture to which we referred on March 13th, is more kindly, with his typographical suggestion. He writes:

I am aware of the purposes of the department and its space-saving typography, but I do not find its use of asterisks as topical divisions pleasant. Why not use bold paragraph marks, run into the text, instead? Also in view of the general solidity of the style, why not eliminate the occasional paragraph indentions, following quoted verses or other indented matter?

We are taking his suggestions under advisement. When we started the old *Literary Lobby* of the old *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post* in pre-Curtis days, we started the asterisk style for book-notes. * * * Pretty soon we were amazed to find imitation of this simple and obvious method in many literary columns all over the country. * * * Which doesn't speak well for the typographical ingenuity of a large journalistic land like this,—for we, certainly, have never given any particular attention to typographical devices. * * * However, we have been reluctant to leave the galaxy of little stars because the fact that the device led immediately to the sincerest form of flattery, made us rather sentimental about them. * * * We have gingerly experimented with other devices—though not with the paragraph mark (partly because we felt it to be such old stuff). But none of them satisfied. Meanwhile asterisks have become a drug on the market. * * * However, we are taking Mr. Ramsaye's suggestion under advisement, as we say. And some Saturday morning you may wake up and find we have adopted a new trimming. * * * We won't promise, but you may. * * * Meanwhile, if it is true that the author of "Cover Charge" (Liveright), namely *Cornell Woolrich*, is a youngster of *circa* nineteen, his kinetoscopic first novel is remarkable. * * * It opens in the period of America's entry into the Great War. At that time Mr. Woolrich must have been about ten. He is therefore, in the truest sense, writing a "period" novel. * * * And he does it entertainingly. * * * The book is lively. It is young, it is brash, it is—well—"hot dog"; but if the author is as young as *that*, he may have a future. * * * It always flatters us to be an "influence." Now the Adelphi Company of Ten East Forty-third Street assures us that it was our comment in the *Saturday Review* of June 27, 1925, that first brought the books of "*E. Nesbit*" to their attention. * * * They have just published "E. Nesbit's" "Five of Us—And Madeline," and they intend to continue publishing her juveniles at the rate of two each year. * * * Good! What we have always been "talking up" is a uniform American edition of the complete works of "E. Nesbit" for children. Mrs. Bland was a great children's writer. She is one of the happiest memories of our own youth. * * * *Ashley Dukes*, who wrote "The Man with a Load of Mischief," has written a new heroic comedy called "Tyl Ulenspiegel or The Song of Drums." It will appear serially in the *Theatre Arts Monthly* for four months beginning with the April issue. * * * It is, in a general way, based on *Charles de Coster's* "Legende d'Ulenspiegel." * * * On May day Dutton promises to bring out a translation of *Dmitri S. Merezshkovsky's* "The Birth of the Gods," a novel which has for background the wonderful Cretan civilization of three thousand years ago. * * * Merezshkovsky's "Life of Leonardo da Vinci" is, to us, one of the greatest historical novels of all time. He is a master. * * * *Carl Van Doren*, whose work as literary editor, critic, and essayist is widely known, is giving a course of six lectures on Thursday evenings (at 8:15) in the Community Auditorium at Park Avenue and 34th Street. You will still be in time for his April first lecture on "The Ways of Irony," in which he discusses *Edith Wharton* and *James Branch Cabell.* This is the third of his series and three others are to follow, on "Pioneers and Artists," "The Revolt Against Mammon," and "The Revolt Against Dulness." * * * *Floyd Dell* has "taken us back," in his "Intellectual Vagabondage," recently added to Doran's Modern Readers' Bookshelf. Floyd subtitles the small volume "An Apology for the Intelligentsia," and traces the course of aspiration of that past "younger generation" of which we also once were one. * * * It was a generation long before the flapper and the jazz age. It was a pre-war generation. * * * You can't get the same stuff today, or you have to pay a much heavier price for it. * * * It was wild and crazy and ridiculous in its trust and out to save the world with an hurrah and to set the river immediately on fire. * * * It even had its heroes, like *Jack Reed.* * * * It certainly had a great time. * * * Yes, we were faithful to thee, Cynara, in our fashion. * * * Floyd has given us a witty and truthful vision of our past,—though that's only the half of his little book. * * * We witnessed the *première* of *John Dos Passos's* "The Moon Is a Gong," and had the time of our young life. * * * The play has enough stuff in it to furnish forth half a dozen ordinary plays. And how mechnical and hackneyed it makes most of them seem! * * * We certainly have no power as a dramatic critic, and we notice that most all the dramatic critics brought their hobnails down on Dos Passos's play. * * * Well, we found it tedious in spots, in need of cutting, congested, occasionally mis-firing,—and yet, for all that, we haven't had more fun since the days when we used to go to the circus. * * * The great thing about Dos is that he sees New York as a circus, a circus macabresque, a crazy-quilt of preposterous comic tragedy. No one has so well conveyed its ghoulish gaiety,—and so we sing:

"The Moon is a Gong" may be all wrong.
We like it.
It whirls our world in a thong of song.
We like it.
It crashes like a thousand railroad cars;
It sends up rockets just cascading stars;
It's a rigadoon of spectres in the red light of Mars;
We like it.

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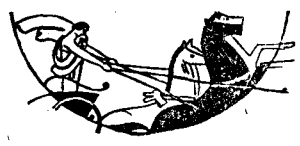

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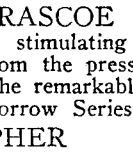

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

A COPY of the rare Indian Bible first published in 1663 in the Natick Indian language by the Rev. John Eliot has just been acquired by the Museum of the American Indian, at Broadway and 155th Street. Its frontispiece bears the autograph signature of Josiah Cotton, himself a preacher among the Indians for nearly forty years, who died in 1756. His father, the Rev. John Cotton of Boston, aided Eliot in the revision of the second edition of the Bible printed in 1685.

The Eliot Bible, the first Bible printed in America, has long been a favorite item with collectors of Americana. More than a half a century ago it was bringing good prices. At the sale of the Brinley Library in this city, March, 1879, a copy of the first edition of 1663 brought $1,000. In 1884, a second edition of 1685 sold at auction for $850. In London, at a sale held July 2, 1882, Quaritch bought for Mr. Kalbfleisch of New York an Eliot Bible of 1663, containing the English title-pages, and dedication to Charles II, for £580, or about $2,900.

In 1874 Nathaniel Paine of Worcester, Mass., made a list of the Eliot Bibles. By his count the total reached fifty-four. Twenty years later Rev. John Wright reported that he had found twelve additional copies, and in the quarter of a century or more since other copies have come to light. The estimate of fifty-five known copies is apparently based on Paine's census, and ignores the copies discovered since 1874.

An Indian translation of the New Testament appeared in 1661, and is exceedingly rare. Wright reported that he had located nineteen copies; two in the British Museum, two in the Lenox Library, one copy in each of the libraries of Trinity College, Dublin, Glasgow University, Edinburgh University, Bodleian Library at Oxford, the British and Foreign Bible Society of London, Town Library of Leicester, England, Harvard University, and Boston Athenaeum. Seven copies were in private libraries. Wright's census of the owners of the Eliot New Testaments and Bibles, first and second editions, as far as known, showed a total of 125 copies in all, 35 in Europe and 90 in America.

The publication of the Eliot Bible was an event that was noted not only in the New World but throughout Europe. The late John G. Shea, a well known writer of the Catholic Church, says: "The volume excited interest in Rome, and a brief of Pope Clement XI to the Archbishop of Saragossa, August 31, 1709, written to excite him to prevent the introduction into Spanish America of a Bible recently translated into an American language by Protestants, evidently refers to this edition, although it is spoken of as printed in London."

FUND FOR RESEARCH

THE American Historical Association has just announced through its president, Professor Dana C. Munro of Princeton University, plans to raise an endowment fund of $1,000,000 to foster research in American history. The appeal to the public will be directed by former Senator Albert J. Beveridge, who has had experience in the difficulty and cost of carrying out scientific historical research because of the inaccessibility of original documents. He says:

"My own personal experience gives me first-hand knowledge of the expense of research. In trying to make a definitive book on any subject, at least nine-tenths of the time and labor is given to research—digging out the facts. Here in America, these sources are scattered over a continent. They consist of such things as newspapers, original letters, public documents, etc. To get hold of these facts means that one must do a great deal of traveling; must go over the data and then have the most important parts copied, etc.

"It is to help pay their railroad fare, their bills at boarding houses and the like, that the American Historical Association is trying to raise this fund. Every citizen who cares for the culture and intellectual life of the American people ought to help financially this enterprise. I know personally the men who will have the control and distribution of this fund when it is raised. They are level-headed, practical, discriminating, and conservative persons. They can be trusted to see that not a dollar of this fund is bestowed unworthily."

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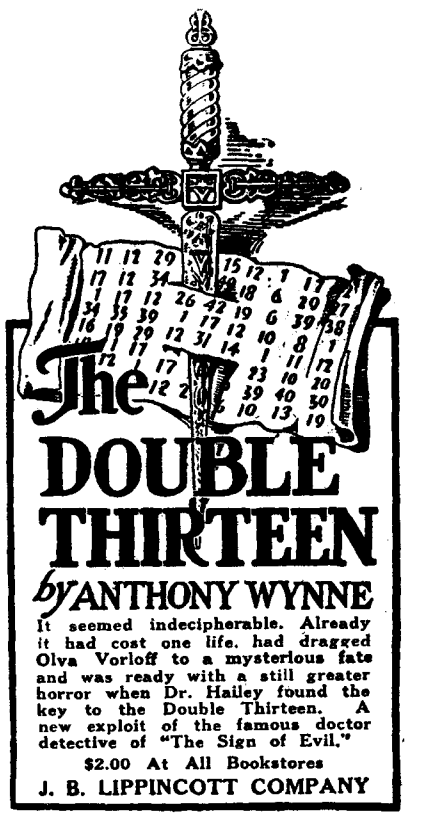
THE forecast for the spring of 1926 issued by Houghton Mifflin Company contains four limited editions: "Classic Concord," by Caroline Ticknor, limited to 1,000 copies, charmingly illustrated with pencil drawings by May Alcott, sister of Louisa Alcott; "The Potters and Potteries of Bennington," by John Spargo, special limited edition of 750 copies, the first exhaustive and authentic history of the men who developed the Bennington potteries, and of the various wares which they produced; "A History of Firearms," by Major Pollard, special limited edition of 100 copies for sale in America, a close study of rare nineteenth century American firearms and a wide survey of Continental arms, as well as a complete review of British productions from the earliest times; and "Charles Bulfinch, Architect and Citizen," by Charles A. Place, a special limited edition of 1,000 copies, rich in illustrations, of which there are more than one hundred.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